# JOURNEY

TO

# ROME AND NAPLES,

PERFORMED IN 1817;

GIVING

## AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

## PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY IN ITALY;

AND CONTAINING

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE FINE ARTS.

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BY HENRY SASS,

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TO

# SIR G. N. NOEL, BART. M. P.

DEAR SIR,

As the friend of my youth, as the patron of my early efforts in an arduous profession, as one to the stores of whose mind I have been so much indebted for the improvement of my own, whose uniform kindness and attention are deeply engraven on my heart, to you, I presume to dedicate my first literary work.

As the hope of your approbation has always been a great stimulus to my exertions, the possessing it in this instance will not be the least of my rewards.

The generality of princes and nobles, if they were stripped of their purple and of their titles, and cast naked into the world, would immediately sink to the lowest state of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscu-

rity. But your personal merit is independent of your fortune. Whatever had been your choice of life, by the force of your natural talents you would have obtained, or at least would have deserved, its highest honours, if your invincible modesty had not counteracted the effect.

With every sentiment of respect,

I have the honour to remain,

DEAR SIR,

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

THE AUTHOR.

50, Great Russell Street,
Bloomsbury Square,
April, 1818.

# PREFACE.

In offering the following work to the public, I do it with no small degree of diffidence; more particularly as I touch on subjects, and go over ground, which have before been so ably treated. But, as no publication has *lately* appeared respecting Italy, I was anxious to communicate what had passed within my own knowledge, as far as regards the present state of society in that country; and to admonish the future traveller, (who will often find himself in the situation of Damocles, with a sword suspended over his head by a single hair,) of what he has to expect under the existing governments.

That the general course of the narrative might not be interrupted, I have prefixed my observations on the Fine Arts, with

the ambitious desire of contributing my mite towards the improvement of the national taste.

Having thus briefly stated the objects of the publication, and being satisfied that virtue will not be offended nor vice promoted by the perusal of my book, I dismiss it to its fate with tranquillity.

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# PRELIMINARY REMARKS

ON THE

# FINE ARTS.

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THAT the history of the arts has been less cultivated than that of arms and politics, is a general and just complaint; but to which writers will seldom be inclined to pay attention, because it is always an easier task to relate wars and negotiations, debates and battles, than to describe the gradual and almost imperceptible progress of genius and taste, in works of elegance and beauty.

In this age of refinement, when, from the number of literary publications, accumulated stores of knowledge are laid open, and rendered of comparatively easy access to the inquisitive mind, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that the good sense and spirit of the people, have overcome the bigotry of governments, whose interest has been thought to consist in keeping them in a state of ignorance.

There is not any thing which more unequivocally proves the great progress of civilization,

and improvement in the national intellect, than the general and increasing feeling of all ranks in favour of the Fine Arts. In England, the arts are but in their infancy; but we begin now to feel what constitutes the true glory of an empire. We are now sensible, that merely to be a warlike nation, is to possess a rank little above barbarians; and that to be truly great, we must cultivate the mind.

God, in his formation of man, stamped on him his own image: and as in form we are superior to every other animal, so likewise has he endowed us with mental powers, which, the more they are cultivated, the nearer we resemble himself. Intellect is what raises one man above another; and it is by a combination of the intellectual powers of many men, that one nation, or one age, is rendered superior to another. Excellence in the Fine Arts springs from a highly cultivated mind; and, if we refer to the ancient ages of glory of Greece and Rome, or in modern times, to that of the Medici, we shall find, that the height of excellence to which the imitative arts had arrived in those periods was what conferred on them so much distinction.

Every refined mind must be delighted in the perusal of the late report of the House of Commons on the subject of the Elgin marbles; and it is a pleasing reflection, that by the co-opera-

tion of the public at large and the artists—the one fostering that talent which forms so large a portion of the integral of a great empire, the others exerting their energies to the utmost to deserve such encouragement—Britain may one day stand forward as proudly pre-eminent for her higher intellectual attainments in the Fine Arts, as she is at present superior to other nations in her commerce, arms, and resources.

How much all nations have been indebted to the Fine Arts for their celebrity is not sufficiently considered. Babylon we first became acquainted with from its walls, its temples, and its hanging gardens; Egypt, from its pyramids, mausoleums, and obelisks; Greece, from its paintings, sculptures, temples, and the exquisite taste and judgment with which every thing was executed; Rome, by its noble and magnificent structures—monuments of its former grandeur. Take these away, and what knowledge should we have of them, farther than what we have of the Scythians, Huns, or any other race of barbarians? Indeed, to say by whom the arts were first cultivated, is to inquire what nation was the most ancient; to say where they attained their highest perfection, is to show which was the most refined; to say where they were least known, is only to point out which was the most barbarous. Such is the connexion of the Fine Arts with refinement of mind, that high at-

tainment in the one springs from the cultivation of the other, and this cultivation is what constitutes the true glory of an empire.

The arts in England have arrived at their present state with but a small portion of public encouragement, and principally by the artists' own exertions. Government has been too busily employed in war and bloodshed, to extend its fostering hand to their aid. But when we find our representatives joining with the artists, and speaking the language of the late report, thus inculcating a true feeling on the public, may we not hope, that in England shall be another age of glory—a rival to those of ancient Greece and Rome!

However greatly this age may have improved on the last, there is still much to be done to overcome the vitiated taste of the multitude; and we have to lament that men of talent are often compelled from necessity to yield to the prevailing bias, and paint subjects unworthy of them. A man of superior powers, inspired with the enthusiasm of genius, can never be discouraged; yet, a want of judgment in those who have it in their power, or who profess to encourage art, may render abortive his utmost exertions. He may feel within himself the proud consciousness of superiority, while sharing the fate of Homer, Milton, and others of glorious memory; but it is a lamentable thing that such

men should incur the risk of sinking into the grave unrewarded, and that it should be left to after ages to appreciate their merit, to the eternal disgrace of the one in which they lived.

Few people are aware of the requisites to form an artist, or of the variety of studies necessary in an historical or poetical composition. A knowledge of anatomy and perspective, correctness of drawing, which can only be obtained by long practice and an eye critically nice, form but the groundwork. Portraiture, landscape, and architecture, it is frequently necessary to combine with beauty of form and appropriate expression. But while the hand is made obedient to the will, the mind, on which all superior excellence depends, must be cultivated. He must have a knowledge of the history of mankind, with an intimate acquaintance with the laws, customs, character, and costume of nations, individually and collectively. He must be conversant with chronology and the heathen mythology, to enable him thoroughly to comprehend classic and poetic history. He must understand the laws of nature; in fact, he must have within the grasp of his mind the universal frame*. To these, and many other requisites

* In the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, they have described such a character in Prometheus, stealing fire from heaven; meaning, that by the cultivation of his powers, he

that may be acquired, must be added an endowment of nature—a susceptibility of feeling which renders the possessor alive to every passion; for without this it is impossible to excite interest in others, and to improve, or convey instruction to mankind, which is the true end of art. Such is the character of the artist; and to show the feelings which animate him generally, I may here add the reflections of one on a summer's day, whose study was situated on high, and which, from being surrounded by the busts of the heathen deities, was called Olympus.

"While the inhabitants of the lower world are oppressed with heat, seated on Olympus I enjoy a continual spring. In my elevation, I am fanned by every fragrant breeze that is wafted through the atmospheric region of the gods. Temperance, Taste, and Literature, are my handmaids: Temperance offers me a cup filled from the limpid stream which never fevers the brain, Taste and Literature furnish me with food which never cloys. Here, then, is happiness which but few enjoy. With what tranquillity of mind I look on the bustle of the crowd; the petty jealousies, the haughty littleness, which excite contempt, the pert carriage, the pedantic strut, which excite laughter; all, all, appear like

enabled himself to possess the qualities of the gods, and to animate mankind.

so many insignificant bubbles in a stream, they become inflated, burst, and are no longer seen."

Those who refine the public taste, says Dr. Johnson, are public benefactors; and artists have contributed more to it than any other class of men. Suppose we select the least of these improvements, for instance, Dress. Although our ablest writers, Addison, Steele, and others, have for the last century aimed at the introduction of a more correct taste, and have decried the gross absurdities which prevailed in dress, they did not suggest a better. This was reserved for the Fine Arts; and to its Professors are we indebted for the present elegant and tasteful costume of the ladies. From Reynolds we may date the establishment of the English school, and to him and those who followed him, England owes the refinement of its taste. In the eye, as in the mind, there is an intuitive perception of what is right, which produces a love of harmony and of good order, or what is called natural. Simplicity is the character of nature, and from simplicity springs elegance and beauty. Custom will often reconcile us to error, but the moment truth is presented to our eyes or minds, we are struck by the contrast, and gradually reject the delusion that betrayed us. So it has been in this instance; artists were obliged in portraiture to copy what

they saw; but, when they executed any pictures of imagination, they displayed in them what their own refined taste suggested. They showed that nature wanted no such decoration as furbelows, flounces, and hoops; or powder, patches, pomatum, toupees, &c. but that she was, "when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most." These pictures, when exhibited side by side, struck home to every spectator, and the revolution in dress was almost instantaneous. The birth of the Arts in England forms a new era in our history, and when we consider the benefits that have already arisen from their cultivation, we shall do well to carry this cultivation still higher, that their influence may be more generally felt.

"Those who make painting their study enjoy nature beyond description. It is to be regretted, that artists, whose particular province is description, whose minds are educated in the contemplation of nature, and whose faculty of observation is constantly alive, should not be induced to indulge the world more than they do with their writings. Every object which presents itself affords them fresh food for meditation, and is an inexhaustible spring from which they store up beauty in their minds. Happy in the study of nature, they pass their lives in admiration of the works of God. They receive a pleasure from their reflections, un-

known to uncultivated minds, and they rise from the contemplation of nature to nature's God. Indeed a love for the Fine Arts excludes all grosser passions from the soul. Taste is the angel which drives the money-changers out of the temple of the mind, and leaves it in possession of every human virtue." Such is the sentiment of the intellectual beautiful produced by the cultivation of a taste for the Fine Arts.

The Greeks, whose refinement of feeling is a constant subject of our eulogium and of our imitation, considered an artist as a national ornament, a public benefactor, whom all were bound to honour and reward. Their first citizens sought for honour in the cultivation of the several branches of the profession, as among others may be instanced in Socrates, who devoted himself to sculpture. Though the Fine Arts were considered under the superintendence of Apollo and the Muses, yet painting was by the ancients particularly appropriated to Minerva, as adding the qualities of wisdom to those of genius, and uniting to the most finished dexterity of art, the most profound sagacity of science.

The object of the imitative arts is to instruct and improve mankind; and it is from painting and sculpture possessing this power to a greater degree than any other art, that has conferred

on them the appellation of divine. Their excellence is founded upon the same principles, and is guided by the same rules, as other noble efforts of the human mind, and which ought to influence all our actions, the avoiding of extremes; these and the analogy that exists in the various arts and sciences may be thus shown. In painting, sculpture, and architecture, the extremes are incorrectness and affectation; in poetry, insipidity and bombast; in music, monotony or redundancy of sound; in the dramatic art, tameness or ranting and pomposity; in our behaviour, vulgarity or affectation; these words being synonymous, will tend to show that all are founded on the same principles.

"A picture is a mute poem.*" The representation of things has at all times a greater effect than the description. Men and women, portrayed in their natural form, with that exquisite feeling, the result of virtuous actions, beaming through their expressive countenances, must convey to the mind of the spectator a most sublime idea of virtue, which can render bodies like themselves so interesting and beautiful. On the other hand, to see the same forms, with the appalling expression of a guilty

* Mutum est pictura poema.

conscience, excites terror at a deviation from the path of rectitude, and pity to think that beings endowed with such powers, should have made so erroneous a choice.

What person possessing a refined mind, but must experience these sensations in contemplating the cartoons of Raffaelle! but must feel awed by the calm dignity of the denunciator Paul, appalled by the agony and death-like horror displayed in Ananias, and experience all those grateful emotions on viewing the countenance of Christ, which exhibits the greatest benevolence and a godlike serenity, where he delivers the keys to Peter?

Poetry, in its description of the various passions, is often compelled, (to produce the desired effect) to resort to measures which give a meanness to the character it has before endeavoured to ennoble; for excess of passion always betrays a weakness which is often inconsistent with the character described. Among many, I shall instance the horrible shriek which Virgil gives his Laocoon, that has this effect; and although this may be an appropriate circumstance for poetry, as perhaps it would have been impossible to have made the proper impression of the agony of body and mind, had it not been so strongly expressed, yet it is inconsistent with the dignity of his character.

The sculptors of the Laocoon have so ennobled

and dignified the most ungovernable of all our passions, bodily pain, that we become in love with misery; it affords a lesson of fortitude more impressive than any taught in the schools of philosophy; and we almost long for misfortune to give us an opportunity of bearing it in so godlike a manner.

It is urged that nothing can exceed Homer's description of a battle, or the feelings excited by the perusal of it; but, does the contemplation, and the becoming familiar with scenes of war and bloodshed improve our humanity or elevate our minds with godlike qualities? No! it rather degrades us by brutalizing our feelings. War must be as *hateful* in the sight of God, as it is *destructive* to man!

There is a meanness attached to expression in the human countenance, arising from bodily pain; and if subjects of this affecting nature are represented with beauty and dignity, we may well suppose that more temperate passions exhibit the greatest mildness and benignity. It is this superiority of expression, united to their correct knowledge of form, anatomy, and proportion, with a beautiful simplicity, which has raised the Grecian artists to their deserved and enviable height, and in which excellencies they have never yet been equalled.

It may be urged, that the dramatic art possesses greater powers over the mind, from cha-

racters being represented by persons having speech and motion. This, no doubt, has a powerful effect; but how seldom do we see (excepting in satires on familiar life) the character in *form* stamped on the actor. Rarely do we see a king, never a hero in form and countenance, and gods are out of the question. Even Kemble and Kean, the greatest actors perhaps that our stage ever had to boast of, cannot get over this, as Nature has not given them a form equal to the characters they would represent. It has been observed, that deficiency of form is compensated by excellence of acting; but this is rather acquiescing in what cannot be remedied, than establishing the position that form is of no consequence. What I have now said is not with a view to depreciate poetry, the dramatic art, or still less the merit of the actors; for excellence in body as well as mind is hardly to be expected: but I am only speaking relatively to the great end of the imitative arts, the instruction and improvement of mankind; and mean to infer, that the painter and sculptor, having the power to unite beauty of form with appropriate expression, although in inanimate representation, they carry the story they would tell, and the lesson they would impress, more home to the mind of the spectator.

The Fine Arts being connected with and embracing every other art and science, the advan-

tages derived from the study of them to every one may be fully exemplified. It will be found, that they who have a taste for the Fine Arts, have a taste for and are often proficients in music, astronomy, poetry, optics, &c.; consequently the cultivation of this taste leads them to universal knowledge. It is this which makes artists the companions of kings. Leonardo da Vinci died in the arms of Francis the First; the Emperor Charles, in stooping to take up a brush which Titian let fall, declared that such merit as his was deserving of being waited on by emperors; and our Harry the Eighth, gross as his education and despotic power had made him, exclaimed that out of seven peasants he could make as many lords, but not one Holbein. I mention these historical anecdotes, in the hope that they may induce every one to strive and become acquainted with an art from which such benefits are derived; which tends more to the civilization of mankind, and to the improvement of the human mind, than any other.

The principles of art are the principles of nature, and in the knowledge of them we are more capable of real enjoyment, and become consequently more happy. It has been observed, that the great object of our endeavours in a world of trouble and inquietude should be to awaken those perceptions and those tastes, upon which the enjoyment of every kind of merit in

art depends, and thus open to ourselves new avenues of pleasure; and if every one possessed a fine feeling for the charms of painting, the sum of human happiness would be greatly increased.

Let those pursuing the Fine Arts as a study, either professionally or for amusement, be assured that when they have attained a mechanical dexterity of hand; when they have acquired a relish for the higher excellencies of art; when they have become acquainted with all the brilliant examples that have preceded them; when once they begin to converse and associate intimately, through the medium of their books, with all those noble beings who, from their intellectual exertions, have conferred honour on the human race, and benefitted mankind; and can transport themselves back to the ages in which they lived, to the spots where they have dwelt, and can enter into their ideas,—it is then that they will feel that they really live, and that their previous life has been but a state of negative existence—and thus shall be given "to corporeal essence life and sense, and every stately function of the soul."

Having spoken thus far, I will now endeavour to show more particularly on what the excellence of the Fine Arts depends.

Correctness of form is the first thing we look

for in a picture; on that all its various excellences are built, without that it is a nothing. It is to the painter and sculptor who represent bodies, what language is to the poet and historian who describe actions. Expression and a proper conception of character are the next requisites, and are inseparably connected with the preceding ones; for it is impossible to represent either without correctness of drawing. These, then, form the fundamental principles of art; and if a picture possessing these qualities be deficient in every other requisite, it still ranks high as an intellectual production; but without these, though glowing with the colouring of a Titian or a Rubens, united to the effect of a Rembrandt, it can be termed merely a splendid piece of furniture, captivating the eye with the most vivid colours, but disgusting the mind by the most unfaithful forms.

What has ranked Raffaelle as the prince of painters, but the sentiment and expression—those rays of intellect—which are displayed in all his works? He has no gaudy colours, no brilliant effects to recommend his pictures, and yet every one possessing a refined mind allows him the pre-eminence. Contrast his works with those of the Venetian school. Most of the pictures of Paul Veronese, and others of the same class, have neither sentiment, character, nor correctness of costume. Their subjects are in

general monkish legends, which we neither know nor care to know. When we look at these pictures, which display such extraordinary powers in composition, harmony of colour, aërial perspective, and execution, we cannot but regret, that men who were endowed with such talents, should have been led so far from the great end of art, as to have wasted their time in producing what can be considered by the general eye as merely pieces of furniture.

It is to be recollected, that the arts were patronised by the Roman Catholic clergy, by whom painting was made subservient to a divine purpose, the establishment of the Christian religion. But, unfortunately, good taste did not always direct them when they commanded the subjects for pictures; the painting of many of which, but for that circumstance, would not be creditable to the understandings of the artists. And thus was their time wasted, so *far* at least as regarded the exaltation of their own names as the instructors of mankind. To the artists who have followed them, they have been of the greatest service, not only in teaching them what to avoid, but also in leaving them almost perfect examples of the minor requisites of a picture; and they may, like the bee who sips from every flower, glean from each whatever may be necessary to promote their own views with respect to the great end of art.

In condemning this merely decorative style, I would ask, who is the better man from seeing pictures, which excite no other sensation than what a nosegay might produce, or any other gaudy assemblage of colours? What instructive lesson is conveyed by countenances void of expression, drunken Bacchanals, sleeping nymphs, or flying Cupids, with which we see one half of our collections filled? No wonder this divine art has been considered by the multitude as a mere mechanical employment, when its patrons have shown so little judgment, and its professors, who should uphold its dignity, and teach the world how to think, have betrayed so vile a taste. They may evince considerable talents in the arrangement and execution; but they are nothing unless a story is told, and sentiment prevails. I will allude to two pictures of the Venetian school as examples of this style; the one "the Marriage in Cana *," by Paul Veronese, displaying the most extraordinary assemblage of colour and composition that ever was combined in one picture, but destitute of expression, character, or correctness of costume. If it can be so called, the only expression to be

* This picture is now exhibited in all its glory in the Louvre; it was *exchanged* by Austria for one of *Le Brun's*. Oh! for a mark that would denote a laugh of half an hour long!

found in this *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, is a man in the foreground, who is holding up his garment, which is red, to the master of the feast, signifying that the water was turned into wine—

"The conscious water saw its God and blush'd."

Christ and his mother, the principal characters in the story, are almost lost in the gay throng by which they are surrounded. This picture, in fact, was made subservient, not to religion, but to the vanity of the patrons of the artist, whose portraits are seen in connecting groups throughout. The other is a picture also of Paul Veronese, lately purchased by the British Institution. The subject is some such tale, and it is distinguished by possessing many of the minor requisites, and by the absence of the higher excellences before mentioned. How far this picture is a proper study for youth, without previous knowledge, and without the guidance and control of superior minds, remains to be considered by the governors. But, in my humble opinion, to hold such pictures forward indiscriminately, and without direction, for their contemplation, is like alluring them to the gaieties of the world, by which their taste becomes vitiated. It is this that has made the establishment of a school for painting in the

Royal Academy, under the auspices of an Owen, a Phillips, and other distinguished members, so desirable a thing, and the accomplishing of which has been hailed with so much pleasure.

The ornaments and brilliancy of colour seen in the Venetian pictures, as well as those of Rubens, have led many astray, so far as to induce them to think, that to put a crown upon a man's head was to stamp him a king. But gods, kings, and heroes, should be known, not by their various attributes, but by the majesty, the dignity of form, and noble intrepidity, displayed in themselves. The countenance should be made the index to the mind; the form and action should correspond with the countenance. Those, therefore, who denote kings only by their crowns, the number of their attendants, and the external symbols of greatness, are either ignorant of what constitutes true royalty, or, if acquainted with it, have not the power to express it.

Here I cannot help remarking, and condemning those persons who aim at what the natural bias of their minds, and consequently their course of study, does not fit them for. However we may admire the versatility of a man's talent, he, in the end, does himself an injury by attempting too much. Teniers and Hogarth, each admirable in the familiar department of

art, in portraying the common occurrences of vulgar life, made their essay in the historic walk, and, as might be expected, failed. Others, since them, have done the same, and like them have been disappointed. As well might a man, always accustomed to vulgar company, attempt to move in the highest sphere of life with the ease and grace which distinguish it. An epic painter, like an epic poet, will dignify the meanest subject; a painter of familiar life will degrade the highest. Raffaelle would make a beggar a king. Teniers, in his endeavour to produce a king, would not raise him above individuality. This is, perhaps, one of the greatest difficulties of the art, to stamp the character of superiority on the person represented; to have it in your power to say, the moment you cast your eye on a picture, "That is a lady, a nobleman, a king, a hero, or a god." Among the moderns, Reynolds evinced this power in his portraits: all his men and women have an air of superiority.

If I were inclined to assimilate the English school to any other, it would be to that of Correggio. But the present French and Italian schools are unlike any that have preceded them, and, I hope, any that may follow. They can only be compared with themselves. They have

this merit, that their style and taste are completely their own, and as far removed from nature as it is possible to be. Instead of painting man in the abstract, their characters are of a particular kind, and what is commonly termed French; and their expression is usually exaggerated. With the good composition which some of their pictures possess, much might be allowed; but that their colouring is vile, and their execution in general miserable. When we look at their portraits, whether in the Salle des Marechals or at their own houses—either at Paris or at Rome, they remind one of the lines of Peter Pindar:—

> In portrait they're as much alone
> As was in landscape the unrivall'd Claude.
> Of pictures I have seen enough!
> Most vile, most execrable stuff!
> But none so bad as theirs, I vow to God.

Or,

> When it shall so please the Lord
> To make his people out of board,
> Their pictures will be tolerable nature.

The best picture that has appeared in the modern French school, is the battle of Austerlitz, by Gerard. To be sure, in the hero of that event was a subject to inspire any one. It was finely composed, and had a proper atten-

tion to character and detail; but its greatest fault was a want of the breadth of nature, which distinguishes the productions of the English school. This picture, that semi-barbarian Blucher wished to destroy. It is however, no longer seen, having been removed from the place which it occupied, in the room adjoining the chapel in the Thuilleries.

I have before observed, that the improved state of the arts in England is owing to the exertions of the artists themselves; and when contrasted with their state in France and Italy, where immense sums have been expended to forward and support them, it only shows the futility of all particular patronage. It is out of the power of any individual, or set of individuals, to create genius, or to give full effect to its exertions when discovered. The public at large are the only real patrons. As it is the improved state of public feeling which will guide our politics into the right path, so we must look forward to the improvement of the public mind, to protect, encourage, advance, and support the Fine Arts.

By depending on the public alone, every man will rise and fall according to his own merit, and at any rate will escape the degradation of having his more correct notions of things opposed, and his exertions almost paralysed, by

the opinions of the half informed*. How many of elevated genius have suffered this affliction! The friendship of a distinguished individual to a young man may not only be necessary, but of infinite importance to his future exertions; but it is on the judgment of the public that he must build his hopes; and we may now congratulate ourselves, that England can no longer be reproached by foreigners for frigidity of temper, as far as regards the arts; for its school has become the first of the present day.

To assist to give the Fine Arts that elevation in Britain which they are destined to fill, and which they have occupied in the most refined ages of the world; to disseminate opinions arising from true feeling, thus engrafting on the public a knowledge of their importance, should be the aim, not only of the professors, but of every enlightened mind; and posterity will only regard us as so many degrees from barbarism, according to the rank the imitative arts take.

The introduction of the Elgin marbles in England, has given new life to the admirers of

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* The difference between the judgment of an artist and an amateur, will be seen in the examination before the committee of the House of Commons. Vide report on the Elgin marbles.

arts and lovers of excellence. In them is seen the essence of a style, simple, natural, and grand. As revolution is the order of the day, they have already produced a revolution in art, and will produce another in the national taste. They are models for our imitation, superior to any that Italy or France possesses. Not only are they proper for the contemplation of the artist, but they cannot be too much visited by the public at large, as they are such examples as no one can look upon with attention, without retiring from the examination with improved ideas of what is truly beautiful. The British Museum, where they are deposited, should be the constant resort of the British fair. Although our countrywomen are superior to the women on the continent, and I may perhaps say, to any in the world, yet we should to the last moment of our lives keep up a settled intercourse with what is excellent. Let them therefore but regard, with an attentive eye, the Frieze which once adorned the temple of Minerva at Athens, and they will receive a better lesson in simplicity and elegance of demeanour, than they ever learned from those attitudinarians, the dancing masters. Let them there study grace in the disposition of their drapery, and reject the capricious freaks of their milliners. Fashion is the daughter of elegance and modesty, while caprice is the

offspring of extravagance and folly. It is impossible to find a fault in the whole frieze, the figures throughout being models of loveliness. How much ought the government to congratulate itself, that in the time of its existence, such a valuable addition to the *real* treasures of the country has been made. It is certainly a new era in the career of ministers; and no doubt will, from the eclat it has given them, impress them with the necessity of better consulting the glory of Great Britain, by as strenuously cultivating the *arts of peace*, as they have hitherto promoted those of war.

With respect to public establishments for the study and promotion of the Fine Arts, it is of no use forming them, unless they are guided and superintended by eminent professors. Hence arises the superiority of the Royal Academy. The discriminating powers of its members, the good advice and liberal encouragement given to junior talent, are not the least of the advantages which the students derive from that institution; besides that they have it always in their power to refer to judgments on which they can depend.

The Royal Academy was founded by our King, who in this act evinced his love and desire for the welfare of the state. The infant establishment was soon after left to its fate, and

the abilities of its members have raised it to its present height; thus opening the eyes of the public as to British talent, and rendering the institution worthy of their patronage. From this all other similar establishments have emanated, and have succeeded more or less, according to their management.

The British Gallery, another institution for promoting art in London, has somewhat disappointed the hopes of the public, from its management being too much left in the hands of servants. As might be expected, the hopes and feelings of the artists have been trifled with, favouritism has crept in, and it has been necessary to use interest and conciliate menials, an abasement to which superior minds could not submit. Hence have the works of some of our best artists been banished from the walls of that exhibition, which is the real cause of its displaying less talent than formerly, and not that the Fine Arts have declined. The noble directors may be assured, that when they take the management on themselves, or will appoint men of talent, who will be unswayed by prejudice, possessing discriminating powers, and otherwise capable of the task, this will not be the case.

With respect to the general instruction of the Fine Arts, as far as regards the public at large, as it is practised in our seminaries, or in private teaching, the prevailing system has been bad.

Unfortunately, it has not been made worthy of the attention of men of talent: hence this branch of the art has been left to pretenders, and consequently the public have not been properly imbued, either with the principles or the advantages to be derived from their study. I may here be allowed to observe, that teachers of every denomination have too often to combat with the ignorance or impatience of parents, which is another reason that makes persons of talent dislike to engage in the occupation. We do not pay that respect which we ought to those to whom we would intrust the education of our children; and hence it often happens that those who are the least fit for the task become installed in the office. To go a step farther from our subject—how many young women of superior education, governesses in private families, are there, who are looked upon by their employers almost as servants?—And is it to *servants* that we leave the instilling of virtue and knowledge into our children? The general system of the education of youth wants revising. The reader will pardon this digression, though somewhat allied to the subject.

To enter into a further comparison of the present French and Italian schools of painting with that of the British, the latter being so decidedly pre-eminent, would be invidious; and there are none, I hope, who will condemn my

selecting a few names from among its distinguished professors, as examples; or who, having visited the continent, will not agree with me, when I say, that there is no living artist in France or Italy, whose works show the variety and truth of character and expression, vigour of execution, and knowledge of the art, displayed in those of our venerable President West; who has the angelic grace and Raffaelle style of Stothard; the delicate and beautifully poetic feeling of Howard; the colouring of Phillips; the extraordinary powers of Turner; the energy—the fire of Fuzeli; or who can at all aspire to the tasteful magnificence of Lawrence. I again repeat, the English school is superior, in every branch of the Fine Arts, to any now in existence, and that it has all the sterling requisites to make it really great. With the cartoons of Raffaelle, and the Elgin marbles, we may defy the world, having in them every thing necessary for the formation of our taste, and for the correction of our judgment.




A

# JOURNEY

TO

# ROME AND NAPLES,

IN 1817.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

When a person sets out to travel, he should endeavour to divest himself of all prejudice, that he may relate what he sees with impartiality. Such, however, is the force of habit, that few are able to overcome their early predilections for the customs and manners of their own country, and their dislike of that which is foreign. Ignorance, in this respect, too often presides at our education. We have been taught to look upon foreigners, and Frenchmen in particular, with the utmost contempt; we have been told that they live upon frogs, an animal that most English

are afraid of; and the whole nation has been degraded in our eyes to something below the human species. Other nations on the continent have been joined in this general odium, until at length many have fancied that all was barbarous beyond our own shores. But let us hope that the time is not far distant, when more liberal sentiments will prevail. Every nation may have its prejudices; but the English, who really have so much to be proud of in their own country, are possibly the most subject to this propensity of finding fault, when travelling, with what differs from that to which they have been accustomed. The travelling English are, for the most part, monied people; and it is well known, that the monied people are not always the best informed. Hence the number of idle tales, and the numerous anecdotes, to the prejudice of the French nation. Viewing every thing through the medium of their own country, they give a false account of their reception, the manners, customs, habits, and living, of the French: and as it is much easier to find fault than to praise, and much more the disposition of idle tale-

bearers, these relations are repeated with double-tongued malignity, until at last they assume a most deterring appearance. Many who have visited France, come back and rail against the exorbitant charges. The truth, I believe, to be this; that so much having been said respecting the cheapness of provisions, &c. on the continent, they expect to live almost for nothing. It is certain, that even in places that have been corrupted by English profusion, we live cheaper than in our own country; and, in most places, for about half the expense*. Many, by way of showing off, call for the most extravagant wines, also for port and porter, things more out of the way than any wines we can call for in England; and, of course,

* *Charges at a respectable Hotel at Paris:*

| | f. | s. |
|---|---|---|
| Breakfast, consisting of coffee, bread, butter, and eggs - - - - - - | 1 | 10 |
| Dinner at the table d'hôte, fish, flesh, and fowl, wine, dessert, &c. - - - | 3 | 0 |
| A cup of coffee - - - - | 0 | 8 |
| Bed - - - - - - | 2 | 0 |
| | 6 | 18 |

they must expect to pay exorbitantly for the accommodation. I have known some who visited France soon after the return of Louis, when port or porter could not be procured for any money, abuse it most unmercifully, as a place where nothing good or rational was to be enjoyed. Many John Bulls, who are accustomed to drink themselves into a sweet state of forgetfulness after dinner, find themselves animated with a liveliness they cannot understand, which is produced, in a great measure, by the fineness of the air, as well as the lightness of food; and, boasting they can drink three or four bottles of such trash as the French wine, most probably make themselves ill, and then France and all in it must be blamed for their folly *. What is termed English comfort, is synonymous most frequently, I am inclined to believe, with sensual enjoyment. Many English ladies

* The first time I visited France, we had in our company one of these persons, calling at every place for port and porter, and sending France to the devil, because it could not be procured. At Paris he was laid up four days, from vexation and the quantity of wine he had drunk.

and delicate youths complain of the food, and manner of cooking it; and turn up their noses, and express their disgust at seeing pure melted butter brought to table, which has the appearance of being oiled; but they forget the thick pudding made of good flour and water, or the thin water-gruel, which is so often brought to an English table, as a substitute for melted butter.

Italy and France still resemble each other in some particulars, which may have arisen from their long intercourse, and having been under the same government; but in most things, at the present moment, they are widely different. The French are proverbially honest, the Italians directly the reverse. There is a neatness and cleanliness in the French; and although they cannot be compared to the English in these particulars, they are greatly superior to the Italians, who are in general very filthy. The country of France is richly cultivated, whilst a great part of Italy is a desert. Where it is to be got, the dressing of the food is very similar; but in travelling through some parts of Italy, the visitor

must not be very fastidious, but content himself with sour bread, bad cheese, and indifferent wine. The French are lively and industrious: the Italians add cunning to their liveliness, and are extremely indolent. If extreme poverty is seen in France, the most abject misery and wretchedness are met with continually in the other country. The system of the police is so good in France, that you travel in perfect safety in every part; whilst, in Italy, your property is in continual jeopardy, nor is your life ever secure. In fact, to compare the government of Italy with that of France, we may almost give the latter the appellation of paternal. In the conveniences of travelling also, in these two countries, there is a great difference. A person may be conveyed in safety and comfort, by the Diligences, to all parts of France; or, if he has a carriage, can travel equally so by post. In Italy, there being no regular conveyances from one part to another, the difficulty of getting to any particular place is great, unless you have a carriage of your own; and you are then subject to every species of villany and ex-

tortion, without the possibility of getting any redress; besides the continual hazard of being attacked by the distressed and infuriated rabble, who infest every part of Italy. Indeed, without an escort of Cavalry, travelling is avowedly dangerous; and, on the other side of the Apennines, a guard of that kind is absolutely necessary.

The various accounts in the following pages, all of which relate to occurrences that passed within my own knowledge, are still more fatally confirmed by the intelligence lately received from Italy; from which it appears, that the audacity of the bands of robbers has arrived to such a pitch, that they not merely rob and murder travellers, plunder the villas in the vicinity, and brave the gates of Rome, carrying off prisoners and then demanding their ransom, but even enter that city in large bodies, and threaten its inhabitants. Turkey, a government we despise for its imbecility, is not so bad as this. From good authority, I know that we can travel there in comparative safety. However, such are the results in Italy, from the return of

what are termed the legitimate governments.

In travelling, the first thing to be considered is the choice of your companions, if you dislike going alone. Nothing is more delightful, when a company of persons set out on a journey, than that reciprocity of feeling which converts even the common accidents or inconveniences of the road into only trifling alloys of pleasure. I can speak of the truth of this from experience; but as every person may not be so fortunate, and as in our conversations with various travellers, we have heard many pitiable complaints, I beg leave to offer a few observations on this head by way of caution.

Persons travelling together, to view the beauties of nature and art, should have a congeniality of mind in all things. Independently of taste and cheerfulness, so necessary to the real enjoyment of the scenes which offer, they should possess a humanity of heart which will readily make little sacrifices to each other's comfort; and be entirely free from selfishness, sulkiness, and ill humour. Unless a person be cer-

tain in these respects of himself, as well as others, I should advise him to travel alone. He who travels for improvement, had better trust to chance for his companions, than run any risk. He can then leave them when he thinks proper, and he has a better opportunity of mixing with the natives of the several countries he may visit. For with companions who have not these requisites, he will endure more misery than it is possible to describe: his reflections will be interrupted by petty squabbles, his contemplations will be disturbed with disputes on trifles, and his mind will be so harassed, as to prevent him from taking advantage of the opportunities for which he travels. There are various innocent ways, by which a mind eager for knowledge, and on the alert to profit by the examples of excellence with which he may be surrounded, may be annoyed. He may have companions who, according to the present fashion, may be two hours dressing, or who may find a trifling occupation, when on the point of visiting some fine temple, of exploring some magnificent ruin, or of contemplating a splendid as-

semblage of the *chef d'œuvres* of art; and he must either forego his gratification, or submit to their ill humour for going without them. Here there would be an end to that pleasurable intercourse which should exist between fellow travellers, because such people are alternately guided by obstinacy and ill humour, caprice or indifference. Courage is another desirable ingredient in a travelling companion, and more particularly in Italy; but it is not so absolutely necessary as taste, generosity of heart, and good humour. Some will be so peevish, as to express the greatest impatience at the unavoidable privations of travelling; and, instead of bearing them with cheerfulness, will quarrel with the stones on the road for causing an additional movement of the carriage: others will exhibit a total incapacity, mental as well as bodily, when a real misfortune occurs. Such was the general character of the complaints made to us by several of our unfortunate countrymen; and they need only to be known to be avoided.

In travelling in Italy, in its present state of anarchy, it is absolutely necessary to

have fire-arms with you; although, when attacked by large bodies of the brigands, it is dangerous to use them, as you would then be overpowered by their numbers, and your death certain. But the knowledge that you possess such means of defence, serves to repress the audacity of less organized ruffians. In France, as I have before hinted, there is no necessity for this precaution; nor was there in Italy when the French possessed the government. I have understood that these fellows acknowledge a *sort* of respect for the English, knowing that they always travel armed; and that they will not part easily with any thing, however trifling, when openly attacked; therefore, if they cannot beset them by numbers, they will use cunning, in which they are great adepts; and the unsuspecting character of the English lays them more open to suffer by this mode.

In these, and any other observations I may make in the following pages by way of caution, I address myself more particularly to those of limited fortune, who travel for improvement in art, or who may

be desirous of satisfying their curiosity in ranging over the scenes of former days. Those of large fortune, who may have friends and who can command introductions, whose education has given them classical knowledge, who speak the language with fluency, and who have dependents on their will, want no advice, no caution, no information.

## CHAPTER II.

### BRIGHTON.

HAVING determined to visit Rome, and the principal cities of Italy, to observe what had been done in art, as well as to enjoy the satisfaction of treading on that ground sacred to liberty, virtue, glory, and knowledge; to wander in a country, the former mistress of the globe, where the arts have been twice regenerated, and where modern learning had its birth—I left London, with a glowing impatience, accompanied by two friends, who were desirous of joining me in the excursion.

By Brighton and Dieppe, is not only the shortest, but the most pleasant road to Paris, provided the passage by sea be good. The imposition that is practised at this place, by the boatmen demanding three shillings for the conveyance of each passenger on board the vessel, should be resisted, as it is the captain's duty to pro-

vide a boat for that purpose. It was endeavoured to be enforced on our party; but having agreed for a certain sum, we refused to comply with the demand. We got on board at eight o'clock in the evening, expecting to be at Dieppe early the next morning. Finding I could not hold myself upright, I lay down on the deck; my thoughts alternately recurring to the happiness of home, or dwelling upon the pleasing anticipations of the future. These reflections were occasionally interrupted by the lamentations of my fellow-passengers, some of whose sufferings were pitiable, while the complaints of others were truly laughable. To see the trembling knees of him who strutted with so confident a step ashore; to see another, whose head was elevated so high at the commencement of the voyage, and who was chattering with extreme volubility on the merits of a ship, and showing his ignorance of nautical affairs, or making his first essay at the French language with the captain, now stretched inanimate across the deck, were sufficiently amusing. One lady, who confidently expected to go to the bot-

tom every moment, had two band-boxes, of which she never lost sight. They contained, I suppose, some articles of apparel. In the midst of her lamentations, and her pathetic inquiries whether there was any danger, we heard every now and then exclamations of, "Oh, sir! take care, you'll squeeze that, or you'll spoil this." She was evidently resolved to preserve what was to astonish the Parisians, should she be fortunate enough to arrive safe. Many had brought on board quantities of provisions; and I could not help smiling, ill as I was, at the waggery of the captain, who offered a gentleman a leg of lamb, in the midst of his sickness; and, on his refusal, made a hearty supper of it himself.

The bustle of the scene gradually subsided however, and the passengers one by one dropped below, leaving me to indulge in my own thoughts. It was a lovely night: the moon shining with uncommon brilliancy. I was, at that moment, in the humour of the melancholy Jaques. I could have found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing"—except my actual condition. Being in this disposition, I

was led even to remark upon a subject which, under other circumstances, I should either have overlooked, or despised. I reflected upon those accidents of life which produce momentary equality between those whom birth, education, or fortune, have widely separated. The common sailors, by whom I was surrounded, seemed to feel importance, from the power which a mere habit of being at sea had given them.

To gain an elevation above the mass, is what animates all mankind; but, in this instance, it was chance alone which gave them a casual sway. However, a feeling of this kind should always be encouraged; for if we look at the different ranks of society, we shall perceive that this desire to be more than what we are, is productive of much good. But, as all are not blessed with equal ability, various means are pursued for the attainment of the same object: and, indeed, to what artifices will not some resort for its accomplishment?

Some endeavour, by study, to supply the defects of nature, or to improve their natural endowments; and this is the only source of true pre-eminence. To such are

we indebted for the civilization of society, and the exaltation of the human character. Others, with abilities which, properly used, might make them good and great, believe that notoriety and fame are synonymous; or, finding they can become notorious with less study than what is required to make them truly great, they apply themselves to the arts of intrigue and cabal, and endeavour by cunning to overreach their neighbours. To this class are we indebted for many of the dissensions and miseries of mankind. Among the minor offenders, are those domestic vipers who crawl into the confidence of individuals merely to betray them; or who, from their general usefulness, being admitted into families, make it their chief aim to retail whatever they see or hear, always in violation of social confidence, and often to the destruction of domestic peace. Another class are those who possess no great powers, but who have just sufficient sense to wish to be more than what they are. They see a degree of respect paid to men in office, however trifling it may be; and despairing of attracting notice by their own acquirements,

seek to possess, or eagerly thrust themselves into those situations, (which abound in every sphere of life, and which seem to be preserved for the greatest fools,) on purpose to obtain that elevation in society to which their natural abilities would never elevate them.

Many who are born to high rank, forgetting that true rank and greatness spring from intellectual superiority alone, and that *they* are indebted to the eminent deeds of their ancestors for the station they occupy in society, think to maintain that station, not by the exercise of those powers by which it was originally won, but by haughtiness, reserve, and by endeavouring to oppress those whom the world ranks beneath them. This haughtiness and reserve, however, which they think an admirable plan to conceal their ignorance, does but expose it. Nor is this attempt to appear grand confined to those who are merely high-born; it is too often aped by little minds, through all ranks of life. We meet continually those great little people, who are solicitous to excite an idea of their importance, by their lofty talk on the most in-

significant subjects; and by their swelling looks, which so often silence modest worth.

These and similar reflections amused me until our arrival off Dieppe, where we landed about five the following evening, after being detained above an hour in a fishing-boat, into which the captain had crowded us, though contrary to the laws of that port. We were twenty-one hours on the sea, which is reckoned rather a long passage; though I have been, in the same season of the year, thirty-seven hours going from Brighton to Dieppe.

Dieppe is a handsome old town, and the impression which the first sight of it made upon me in 1814, recurred to my memory. The streets, which are broad, and kept very clean, it was then the employment of the women to sweep. Indeed, females at that time appeared to transact all the business; the few men that were idling about were soldiers. Although, at the present moment, the women have not lost their influence, but still appear at the head of affairs in France, yet a greater number of men are seen employed in business than formerly. It was ingenuously observed to

us, by a pretty and interesting young girl, with all that winning air and manner which characterize the French women; that although she loved Buonaparte very much, she was not so sorry at the change of government, as it preserved to them the young men, who, under the former dynasty, were taken away for a certain time, and perhaps never returned; "and you know," continued she, "the susceptibility of a young heart to love."

"Et comme un jeune cœur est bientôt enflammé :
"Il me vit, il m'aima; Je le vis, Je l'aimois."

The cross, with the figure of Christ, is a conspicuous object on the pier. An Englishman, on entering France for the first time, looks about him with a degree of complacency, which arises from obvious causes. Every thing bears the air of novelty. He contrasts the awkward looking machines for conveyance, with the compactness of those of his own country, and exults in the idea of their superiority. The civility with which he is accosted, the ready attendance to his wishes, the being pointed

out as English, an appellation of which we are so justly proud; even the being accosted as *Monsieur Goddem*, which is commonly applied to us by some of the facetious French youths, give him a feeling which is flattering to his vanity. A general courtesy to the English prevails throughout France; and we appear more than ever to understand each other,upon points in which heretofore we were supposed most to differ. This reciprocal feeling should be cultivated, as the interest of both nations is concerned.

We engaged our places in one of the Diligences for Rouen. These vehicles, however cumbrous they may appear, are much more easy and agreeable for the passenger than our own stage-coaches. Every one is so well acquainted with the form of a French Diligence, that its description here would be unnecessary; but the comfort of the inside, from having plenty of room, and the pleasure of travelling in the Cabriolet, which is their outside, where your neck is not risked, but you are shaded from the sun, and, if necessary, can be shielded from the rain, enjoying the scene

around, is so agreeable, contrasted with our own mode, that not to notice it would have been unjust. We boast, that the word *comfort* is unknown in France; here, however, is a luxury we do not enjoy in England. The neatness of the English is proverbial; but I doubt, if it continue to make such rapid strides as it has lately done, whether the comfort we so pride ourselves upon, will not be gradually destroyed. Coaches are made so compact, so neat, and so small, as to give the cramp to those who sit in them; while their height is so preposterous, as to endanger the lives of the outside passengers. If a house be built, neatness is the first thing considered; and the timbers are so slight, that a walk across the room shakes the whole fabric*. Formerly, we could indulge ourselves with a dance; but, in the modern houses, this exhilarating and healthful amusement must be set aside; at least in private life, lest we bring our roofs about our ears. Al-

* Our ancestors were much more generous than ourselves, they built for posterity: we raise our buildings hardly to last our own life-time.

though not an advocate for innumerable cupboards and closets, yet such a thing is a rarity in a new house. Count Rumford's stoves, by which a room is to be heated, or a dinner cooked, by a sheet of brown paper; shallow grates; ricketty chairs; all spring from this love of small things, that our rooms may look neat. The blazing hearth, that used to enliven our farm-houses, is filled up, and a small *neat* stove, with a small *neat* fire, appears in its place. Our clothes even are made so neat and scanty, as hardly to cover us; inflicting, at the same time, no small portion of torture; while we must be careful how we stoop or stride,, lest some part of them should burst. In fact, this rage for neatness destroys solidity and propriety, renders our conveniences for travelling any thing but convenient, and tends to rob our persons and our firesides of that comfort of which we boast so much.

Since the late intercourse with France, when such crowds of our countrymen have landed on her shores, their impatience of delay has induced the proprietors of the coaches to make arrangements in the Im-

perial to carry six persons, which in fine weather is far from being unpleasant. Novelty first induced us to select, and necessity afterwards obliged us to continue in this place. Our progress was slow, but agreeably enlivened by a Frenchman, who warbled some favorite airs with much taste and feeling. The lower classes in France are greatly superior to those in England, while the higher are much inferior. The slavish attendance exacted from them by an arbitrary, superstitious, and bigotted Court, by damping the energies of the mind, produces perhaps this inferiority. This despotism extends, and is felt, universally. Such is the influence of the crown, and patronage of the ministry, that to get the lowest situation in a common coach-office, it is first necessary to be a courtier, and have what is termed the influence of government, which, of course, is obtained by fawning. This monopoly of patronage is, probably, the cause of one government so easily succeeding another in France; as its effects are seen, through all its connecting links, down to the smallest village.

The road to Rouen is straight, broad, and paved in the centre; and on each side are planted apple and pear trees. At Rouen there is a bridge of boats, well paved with stones, which rises and falls with the tide. The front of the cathedral is beautifully carved. It has its *musée;* and there is a statue of the celebrated Joan of Arc, *la pucelle d'Orleans.*

In going out of Rouen, we ascended a hill, from the top of which there is a fine view. We then proceeded with a rapidity that was delightful, having seven horses galloping in the most irregular and laughable manner. The reins, which are very long, allowing the horses to range the road almost at pleasure; their curvettings, neighings, prancings, and gallopings; the harness with which they are encumbered, and the tackle by which they are united to the vehicle, are all calculated to excite laughter; while the ease and skill which the postillion displays in their management, and the nicety with which he guides the carriage through the narrowest passes, such as the draw-bridges and gates of fortified towns, equally excite admiration. As it is

customary in France to kiss both men and women, a gentleman paying that compliment to a young woman who belonged to an inn on the road, the husband stepped forward, and pulling off his hat, thanked him for the honour he had done him. This is but the habit of the country, and many idle tales, I believe, arise from it; but it is ridiculous to suppose, that the French women are not as virtuous as their neighbours. Before we entered Pontoise, twenty-four miles from Paris, we saw the gilded dome of the Invalids shining in the sun.

The French of the present day are, generally speaking, a fine race of men. Those who form their notions of them from theatrical representation, will find themselves deceived. They are not the starvelings represented to us. The Revolution, no doubt, has done much to effect this, by mixing the different ranks of society. What might have been their character formerly, I know not; but when we look round at their theatres, and contrast the shrivelled forms and visages of the returned emigrants peeping from their solitary holes, dressed in the costume of the old court,

their hair frizled and powdered, with the offspring of the Revolution displaying their Brutus fronts, we may infer, that the character which has usually been given, may have had some foundation. The French are not such travellers as the English; at least, not many have visited us, if we except the emigrant nobility, a class who are not the best specimens of any country in the present day; and of course it is unjust to draw a conclusion from them, as to the general character of the existing race in France. For my own part, I never saw a pretty French woman before I visited their country, where I found them all, young and old, highly interesting.

## CHAPTER III.

### PARIS AND LYONS.

PARIS has been so often seen, and so often described, of late, that little novelty could now be presented upon that subject. Something, indeed, might probably be done to remove those unfavourable impressions which many recent publications, by prejudiced persons, have excited in the public mind ; but, perhaps, it is better that every one should judge for himself, only reminding travellers that their reception in France depends entirely on themselves. There is a coldness and *hauteur* in the English character, which produce a disposition the very contrary to sociability ; and, I fear, this is too often manifested by my countrymen when travelling. They betray, likewise, an indifference bordering on contempt for every thing French, together with the most fastidious caprice in all that regards their food and dress : indeed, in

the latter particular, the French and English seem to have exchanged characters. The French, naturally lively, shrink from that appalling demeanour too often assumed by the untravelled English *; or turn into ridicule their distant carriage, stiff joints, and awkward airs. This want of polish, which an intercourse with the world would give; as also, of a little practical philosophy, to enable them to bear the inconveniences of travelling, are the origin, I am convinced, of all the complaints, real and imaginary, of the English who return from France.

There is no modern city that can boast of such a succession of magnificent places as Paris. Beginning with the Palais Royale, you cross the Rue St. Honoré to the Palais des Arts et des Sciences; whence, you pass

* This reserve is sufficiently obvious at home: if, for example, a stranger address us at any public place, we are disposed almost to consider him as a sharper or a pickpocket, and reluctantly answer his questions. I do not speak this of all, but of many. On the contrary, at any of the French theatres, a person so accosted, replies with the most becoming readiness, and gives every information desired.

through the Place de Carousel, to the Triumphal Arch of Buonaparte, on which were placed the bronze horses now at Venice. Going through the centre of the Thuilleries, you enter upon the gardens, adorned with statues, fountains, walks, &c. On the right of the gardens is the Place Vendome, with the Column Napoleon; on the left the Seine, whose stream flows slowly on, lingering as if it regretted leaving so delightful a place. Still advancing, you arrive at the Place de la Concorde; a magnificent range of buildings is seen on the right; the Champs Elysées in front, and on the left the fine Pont de la Concorde. Crossing the bridge, you find yourself opposite the beautiful palace of the Corps Legislatif, behind which is l'Hopital des Invalids, and near it l'Ecole Militaire. The next grand object which presents itself is the Champ de Mars, at the further end of which is the classical Pont de Jena. On the opposite side was to have been the palace of the King of Rome, for which an immense space had been cleared; nothing, however, except the foundation, is visible. All these places form an unbroken scene

of magnificence and grandeur. Distributed about the Fauxbourgs St. Germain and St. Marçeau, are other objects equally interesting. Such are the Musée des Petits Augustins, Luxembourgh Palace and gardens, St. Sulspice, the noble and elegant pile of the Pantheon, the Catacombs, the Observatory, the Gobelin tapestry, and the Jardin des Plantes. Crossing the iron bridge of Austerlitz, you arrive at the foundations of the Hall of Abundance, begun by the order of Napoleon, but now left to decay, like many other fine works which were in progress when the Bourbons returned. Proceeding by the fossée of the Bastile to the fountain of the Elephant, likewise unfinished, you arrive at the beautiful fountain of the Lions, and the best part of the Boulevards.

Such a succession of pleasing objects, united to the civility with which you are received, the prevailing urbanity and politeness of the inhabitants, the music and singing which charm your ear, the drollery of the *grimaciers* and mountebanks, which irresistibly excite you to laughter, the bustle, the activity, and the vivacity

seen around, all conspire to create that feeling of delight and ecstasy which is seldom felt in our own country. The comforts, which attend the walks of the sensualist, are great. If he be warm, he can retire to a delightful shade; and command ices, lemonade, and punch of the most delicious kinds. If he be hungry, the most luxuriously cooked meats await his order: amusements of all kinds surround him; and almost every wish his heart can form, is within his reach. Such is Paris for the common visitor. But it has far superior enjoyments for superior minds: it is rich in the arts and sciences; and so liberal in the distribution of the benefits arising from them, that every person, from the highest to the lowest, who has a soul to enjoy intellectual pleasures, may derive advantage from these well arranged institutions. How worthy would this be of our imitation! The best views of Paris are from the top of Notre Dame, and the Column Napoleon; and the most picturesque and novel view to an English eye, in Paris, is from the Pont des Arts, looking towards the Pont Neuf. Persons have spoken much of the

demoralization, as it is called, of the French since the revolution, and which they attribute to a disregard for religion, as increased by that memorable event. In answer to this accusation, I quote the following authentic paper, being a licence granted to Poulthier d'Elmotu by the Sieur le Noir, intendant of the police of the press, under the old Bourbon government. "I permit you to write against the Deity, but not against Monsieur de Maurepas*; against religion, but not against government; against the apostles, but not against ministers; against the saints, but not against the ladies of the court; against morals, but not against the police."

* Maurepas was born in 1701. He was banished the French court in 1749, but was recalled in 1774, by Louis XVI. and died in 1781. He is described, by his biographer, as a statesman of profound knowledge, and great liberality. He had all the careless vivacity of his country. When exiled to Bourges, by the intrigues of a lady very powerful at court, he thus described his feelings: "The first day," said he, "I was piqued; the second, I was contented." As a minister, his views of objects were rapid and decisive; but, in recommending the conduct which France pursued towards this country, when at war with her colonies, it has been thought he laid the foundation for the overthrow of the French monarchy.

In going from Paris to Lyons, we went out through the Fauxbourg St. Marceau, and the Barriere d'Italie, by which Rousseau made his first entry into Paris; and when that impression was received, which was never effaced but with his life. The country, on the other side of Paris, is much superior to that between the coast and the capital, and to the traveller much more interesting. There are more visible signs of population; chateaux and cottages are continually seen, although it cannot boast of that succession of villas which we see in England The land appears every where richly cultivated; the roads are broad and good, and for the most part paved in the centre. The forest of Fontainbleau is beautiful, extensive, and grand. We passed through Montargis and Moulins, and at the latter place thought of Sterne's Maria.

When resting at a small town, we were asked by some of the inhabitants, if we had any cities in England as large; and pointing to a small cathedral, they demanded if it was not superb? The French have certainly a very high idea of whatever is in their own country, often attaching in-

finite consequence to things of little or no importance. They have, however, much to be proud of; and whether contemplating the country, their cities, their buildings, or their monuments, a stranger finds himself continually repeating the word magnificent. In going from Paris to Lyons by this route, we travel for many miles on the banks of the Loire, and pass in sight of the place where the army retired on the abdication of Buonaparte. As an impartial relater, I cannot help here noticing the enthusiasm that seemed every where to prevail in favour of Napoleon: with whomsoever we conversed, he appeared to be idolized. In the Diligence there were two ladies and three gentlemen, all French. As we were on the same road by which he made his triumphal entry into France, on his return from Elba, the conversation naturally turned on the emperor: when expressing my sentiments of him, happening to say something in his favour, the animation which sparkled in every eye; the exclamations, accompanied by that liveliness of gesticulation peculiar to the French; the fervour with which they

grasped my hand, spoke volumes. Indeed, it was every where the same; on passing by one of the buildings in Paris, where workmen were employed to erase the effigies of Napoleon, a man exclaimed, "Ah! they may blot out his emblems, but they cannot erase him from our hearts." Again, when I inquired why the Halle d'Abondance, which Napoleon began, was left unfinished, it was emphatically observed, that every thing was at a stand since the Bourbons had returned.

About a day's journey from Lyons, we ascended some high hills, or rather mountains, which defend that city from the cold winds of the north; and from which we had the most delightful, the most extensive, and the most varied prospect. Hills, valleys, pasturage, vineyards, blended with each other, and formed a continued scene of richness and beauty. A young woman was introduced to us at one of the inns, who, when Buonaparte passed that way from Elba, and wanted a postilion, offered her services, and guided him safe to the next post. He afterwards allowed her a pension. Whether they thought to

tease us, as the English are supposed to have an inveterate hatred of Buonaparte, I know not; but they appeared to delight in calling our attention to any thing that related to him, and seemed never weary of eulogizing him.

The reason which induced me not to enter into a detail of Paris, does not extend to Lyons; for as the journey of the greater part of the visitors to the continent terminates at the former city, we have few or no descriptions of the latter. As the second city of France, however, as a place always celebrated for its commerce; as a distinguished Roman colony, honoured by and honouring Augustus, adorned by Mark Antony, Agrippa, Trajan, and after being destroyed by fire, rebuilt at the instigation of Seneca; distinguished as the birth-place of the Emperors Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla, and Claudius; of Germanicus; of Philibert de l'Orme and Saufflot, architects of the Thuilleries and the Pantheon; of Audran the celebrated engraver; and of many others equally famous in painting, sculpture, poetry, physic, astronomy, &c.; as also from the beauty of its situation

and surrounding scenery, it well deserves some record in a traveller's journal.

This city is supposed to have been founded about forty years before the Christian era. It was built some time after the death of Julius Cæsar by Lucius Munatius Plaucus, from whose name was derived Lucii Dunum, by abbreviation Luc Dunum, since Lugdunum, and now Lyons.

In the year of Rome 740, sixty cities of Gaul raised at their joint expense a temple to Augustus. This temple, ten years after its erection, became the seat of the sciences. Caligula established an academy or lyceum of eloquence. The contests were in Greek and Latin, under the regulation of a law, that any poet or orator who entered the list and was vanquished, should give a recompense to the conqueror, and make a panegyric on him. There was also another law established, which evinced the ferocious caprice of the founder; that those who were imprudent enough to present a bad work, should be constrained to efface the whole with their tongue; and if they refused, they were to be precipitated into the Saone. L'Eglise d'Aynai has four pil-

lars which formerly belonged to this temple; they were twenty-six feet in height, and each supported a figure of Victory. A hundred years after the foundation of Lyons, when that city, embellished by an infinite number of buildings, disputed the palm with the most flourishing cities of Gaul, an incendiary, who wished to attribute it to the fire of Heaven, reduced it to ashes. Seneca, who energetically described this conflagration, said, "Between the existence of a considerable city, and its annihilation, there had been but the space of one night." Soon after, at his solicitation, Lyons, like a phœnix, rose from its ashes.

Lyons is most beautifully picturesque: seated between the Rhone and the Saone, whose streams unite about half a mile below the town, in the 45th degree of latitude, and defended by the hills on the north, it experiences neither the excessive cold nor heat of other places. Hills spring from the other side of the Saone, on which houses and chateaux are built, ornamenting their sides to the top, and giving richness and magnificence to the scene. The

principal one is called the Montagne de Fourvières, upon which is the Hospice de l'Antiquaille, built on the ruins of a palace where Antonia was delivered of Germanicus. It was upon this hill that Trajan constructed a magnificent edifice, comprising the markets, fairs, and tribunals of justice. This building, which fell in 840, was called Forum Vetus, afterwards Fort Viel, and then Fourvières, the name it bears at present. An infinite number of antiques of all kinds have been found there; among them are two tablets of bronze, on which is engraved a considerable part of the harangue delivered by the Emperor Claudius, when he was censor, to the senate of Rome, to induce them to declare Lyons, his native place, a Roman colony.

From the chapel of Notre Dame there is an extensive and delightful view over the country. The grounds which encircle the city are laid out in gardens for ornament and use, interspersed with innumerable chateaux, hills, rivulets, and ruins: many of the latter are very ancient. The course of the Rhone is very vehement. Cæsar mentions the "rapid Rhone." This

gives it rather a dreariness of aspect, there being no boats for pleasure, &c. seen moving on it. However, it well contrasts with the bustle of the city. The quays are broad, and add much to the beauty of the scene. The Hôtel de Ville is considered the finest in Europe, excepting that of Amsterdam: the cathedral of St. Jean is magnificent. We attended a display, on Sunday, of the military, the band playing in the centre of the church: this had a grand effect. There are some very fine windows of stained glass, which shed their solemn light, enriching every object with a crimson tone. There are some modern pillars near the altar, which have bronze ornaments and capitals. The Hôtel Dieu, like its namesake in Paris, is for the reception of sick persons. The Library is on the banks of the Rhone, and contains about 4000 books. Here are some folio volumes with representations of Thebes in Egypt, made by the *Sçavans* who accompanied Buonaparte; also a bronze bust of Voltaire, crowned with bays. From the balcony is seen Mont Blanc and the Alps. The Musée is situated in the place of the

Hôtel de Ville: the pictures are mostly copies. There is a model in cork of a temple at Pompeii, and a number of antiques; the leg of a mummy, an ibis, &c.: there is also a very clever little picture by a Lyonnese, a boy preparing colour for his master, almost equal to Gerard Dow.

The theatres are good; that of Celestines pretty and well formed. The parterre, or pit, is the same as in the old theatres, having no seats, and used for the reception of the lower classes. Shakespeare alludes to this custom in Hamlet's address to the players: "O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the *groundlings*, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise." Many of the French provincial theatres are the same. There is an excellent establishment for learning to swim, on the Saone, where there are men employed to give proper instructions. The warm baths are luxurious, and the charge but a franc and a half.

La Place Belle Cour is a fine square. It is said that there was here, near to the

Temple of Augustus, a celebrated tribunal, called Curia; and, from the beauty of its local situation and the splendour of the edifice, they gave this court the appellation of Bella Curia, hence Belle Cour. Near this place is the street called Belle Cordière, thus named, because there dwelt, in the 16th century, Louise l'Abbe, the wife of a rope-merchant, a woman then celebrated for her personal attractions, her wit, her talents, her gallantries, and her adventures. Her house was frequented by all the persons of quality and merit in Lyons. All the princes and generals who passed through the city were curious to see her. There are still extant her first poems. She was full of fire, wit, and delicacy. Her dialogue in prose entitled *Débats de folie et d'amour*, is a most ingenious allegory. Nicerne said of this lady, that she professed to be a courtesan, and would be paid for her favours; but that having a regard for men of genius, she would always receive them as friends. "Demosthenes," continues he, "had been very happy if the courtesan Lais had resembled her; he would not then have made an useless jour-

ney to Corinth." There is another lady whom the Lyonnese boast of being born in their city, Clemence de Bourges, surnamed *La perle des demoiselles Lyonnaises*, who died of grief for the loss of her lover.

Some fine bridges have been built by order of Napoleon, displaying much simplicity and elegance of structure. The city is commanded by two mountains, that of Fourvières, on which, when first founded, it was built; and that of St. Sebastian, which rises like an amphitheatre between the Saone and the Rhone. The women are in general well looking, but many of them have large throats. This peculiarity, as we approach the Alps, becomes a dreadful disease. The beer of Lyons is very celebrated; but, although the best we had tasted in France, we found it much inferior to what we have in England. French beer has, invariably, a smoky taste. The manufactures of Lyons consist chiefly of clothes of gold, silver, and silk, which are brought to such perfection, as to excite the admiration of strangers. These form the first class. Galloons, ribbons, and lace, take the second; and the hosiers, hatters,

and booksellers, are reckoned in the third. To these are added the workers of gold thread, silk weavers, dyers, &c. occupying altogether about 20,000 persons. The whole population is reckoned at 150,000.

The charms which nature has spread with profusion over the territory of Lyons, united to the engaging manners of its inhabitants, render it doubly attractive. Fully justified was the enthusiasm of a distinguished poet, who still admired it on his return from Italy. After having seen the alluring delights of the Tiber, and the majestic beauties of Rome, he exclaimed:

"En fin, je vous revois, ô ma chère patrie,
Lyon, temple sacré des arts, de l'industrie:
Que mon ame est émue en parcourant des yeux
Ces plaines, ces coteaux heureux,
Ces remparts, ce vaste rivage,
Ces fleuves amans de ces bords:
Qui de les embellir disputant l'avantage,
Confondent à l'envi leurs flots et leurs transports."

Voltaire has also addressed some lines to the inhabitants of this city.

To reside here, in such a climate, surrounded by all the attractions of nature, united with the comforts of civilization,

every object tending to produce that harmony of soul so much wished for—more could not be desired. But I doubt whether this would not be called voluptuousness; and having greater objects in view, I must hasten on.

## CHAPTER IV.

### CROSSING THE ALPS.

We proceeded from Lyons to Turin. As we advanced, the houses had the appearance of those we see in the Italian landscapes, having broad projecting roofs, and many are built like square towers. About four o'clock in the morning, we entered Tour du Pin. The market was crowded with people, selling butter and cheese. Leaving this place, the mountains of Savoy broke upon our view, interspersed with clouds. We soon after arrived at Pont Beauvoisin, where we were detained a long time by the Douanieres, this being the entrance to the Sardinian dominions. An obvious change in the character of the people may here be observed. From Pont Beauvoisin we began to ascend the mountains, surrounded by every beauty of vegetation. The vineyards were luxuriant; and we refreshed ourselves, in passing, with the

fruit which offered, such as walnuts, apples, pears, and plums. Those who are fond of the terrific beauties of nature, may here enjoy themselves; and to the stranger, who has never before approached the Alps, the lofty ridges of Savoy present a grand and novel sight. On entering the first defile, the rocks above, the precipices below, the woods, the cascades, and the torrents form a *coup d'œil* gratifying in the extreme. The broken cliffs appear as if rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature. Passing onwards, we entered the delightful valley of Echelles, in the midst of which rises the pretty village of that name; the beauty of the scene it is impossible to describe. We now approached a prodigious work, said to have been begun by Cæsar, but executed principally by the order of Charles II. Duke of Savoy, in 1760. It is called the Grotto, and is a passage cut through the mountain to the length of five thousand yards, and in perpendicular height above one hundred feet. It is sufficiently wide for two carriages to pass, and of gradual ascent. We viewed, with astonishment, the masses of rock which had

been cut through. About half way, there is a fine work of modern times. It is a complete tunnel, running in another direction, one thousand feet long and thirty-six feet high, cut by the order of Buonaparte for the convenient conveyance of cattle. Workmen were employed night and day for six years in completing it. These rocks spoke praises of Napoleon; and indeed I may observe, that in the course of our journey, whatever we met with which was admirable, well contrived, or well regulated, it was Buonaparte's, and the Emperor was continually mentioned by the inhabitants. On leaving this pass, the mountains increase in height, and the air becomes cold; but as we approached Chambery it was milder. We passed a fine cascade, which falls one hundred and twenty feet. The country surrounding Chambery is very fertile and well cultivated. The great quantity of mulberry trees reminds the traveller of the number of silk-worms with which Savoy abounds. They, however, who expect to see mulberries on the trees, will be disappointed, as they are cultivated only for the leaves;

and what will appear very singular is, that a mulberry is rarely seen in these parts. From Chambery we passed to Mount Melian. The citadel is seen upon an eminence. We crossed the Isere, a rapid river, and then had the first sight of the snow-decked cliffs. On this side of Aiguibelle, the Arc joins the Isere. Aiguibelle is a village well situated. Near it are the ruins of a church and some houses, which were destroyed by a sudden falling of the earth and rocks from the top of the mountain. These accidents frequently occur in the Maurienne, where the snows accumulate, and the mountains being very high, while the valleys are narrow. The inhabitants are small in stature, and afflicted with *goitres*, which render them very deformed. The *goitres* are swellings in the neck, and in some are so large, that they hang upon their chest. Idiotism is also part of the disease. It is thought to be occasioned by drinking the snow-water. In many parts are ruins of fortifications. After passing La Chapelle, we walked a considerable way over a new road that was begun by Buonaparte, avoiding the old one, which,

from its situation, was subject to *aval-anches.* The awfulness and grandeur of the surrounding scenery were delightful, and there was nothing to interrupt our thoughts but the roaring of the Arc.

St. Jean de Maurienne is situated in the midst of the highest Alps. From hence to Lanslebourg the road ascends continually, and the air becomes very cold. At St. Michel's, where we slept, the roar of waters lulled us to rest. Mount Cenis is forty miles from this place, the road being bordered on one side by mountains, and on the other by a torrent. In winter and during the melting of the snows, *aval-anches* are greatly to be feared. Leaving St. Michel, we continued on the banks of the river, which was more rapid as we advanced, and became at last a rushing torrent, the spray splashing in our faces. Here and there were seen immense masses of rock opposing themselves ineffectually to the stream, whose velocity, increased by opposition, exhibited one continued foam. Mountains covered with snow, or whose heads were lost in the clouds, rise on all sides, and display every fancied form; while

cascades, issuing from innumerable apertures, add to the bulk of the waters. We walked for many miles by the side of the torrent, alternately descending precipices or climbing the ragged cliffs, to enjoy different points of view. The road is excellent and has a gentle ascent. The mountains, with few exceptions, appear to be well cultivated, even to their summits. Near Lanslebourg the scenery is more wild, and the air more keen and bleak. The women of Savoy are generally pretty, and have a simplicity of air and manner that is very pleasing. The chamois or goats are very common.

From St. Andre to Bramante we saw the highest summit of the Alps. The most elevated of all is Mount Blanc, being 15,662 feet. After passing Lanslebourg, we began to ascend Mount Cenis, and entered upon the road formed by the late Emperor. The genius of Napoleon seems to have inspired and produced super-human efforts. Wherever his hand is seen, or his mind is concerned, we are astonished at the grandeur and prodigious magnitude of his ideas. The Alps, whose terrific image

has for ages excited the dread of man, have fallen before his power: no longer dressed in their former character, but covered with vegetation, they excite nothing but the most agreeable sensations. He has cut through some mountains, overturned others, filled up precipices, turned the course of torrents, formed bridges, and made roads of the most gentle ascent, which avoid all former dangers and inconveniences. On them the traveller moves with ease and delight, and hospitality every where prevails. Although he has been our enemy, every one in passing the Alps must think as I do, and will almost have a feeling of gratitude towards him, if they would honestly express it; for in these wonderful works, as in many others, he has been a benefit to the human race.

In our approach to Mount Cenis, we sometimes ascended very high, while the mountains appeared still higher, and the torrent seemed lost in abysses below; however, we gradually attained the top. There had been a heavy storm the preceding night, and a great fall of snow, which

covered the surrounding summits*. Every one will be lost in admiration on seeing this grand road, winding up the side of the mountain in a serpentine line of a most easy ascent, flanked with stone and defended by posts and parapets. Twenty-eight houses are placed at certain distances by order of Buonaparte, to succour the distressed in case of need. Fires, beds, &c. are provided, together with every necessary. The old route is still seen, and miserable it must have been to those who were obliged to pass by it. On the top of Mount Cenis, is a plain six miles long, covered with verdure; and affording pasturage to cows, goats, and sheep. In the centre is a lake, two miles in diameter, which produces excellent trout. The post-house and an auberge are situated about the centre, as likewise a barrack; and a little higher is an hospice, built by order of the late Emperor of the French, similar to that of Great St. Bernard. We suffered much pain in our extremities from the

* August 6th.

cold. From the highest of these mountains, the plains of Piedmont are seen; and from this spot, it is said, Hannibal showed his soldiers the fine country they were going to conquer. Mount Cenis, at the post, is 6251 feet above the level of the sea. The highest point is 9261 feet, and at the Grand Cross on the side of Italy 6022 feet. Naturalists will find much that is worthy of their attention on Mount Cenis; and in the various phenomena which present themselves. M. De Lalande has remarked, in the Alpine mountains, that the number of shells and other similar productions which they contain, support the theory and systems of many philosophers, and prove that even the highest mountains have been heretofore covered by the sea. From the Lake of Mount Cenis runs a rivulet, for about a mile and a half, when it forms a beautiful cascade, and then increasing in size to Suza, advances to Turin, where it falls into the Po. After passing the Grand Cross, we descended by a fine road rather steep, which wound almost like a geometrical stair-case: we crossed the same wa-

ter-fall four or five times. Near this place, are seen the remains of a falling of earth and rocks, which spread desolation for the space of two miles. They inspired a dreadful idea of such a catastrophe. The descent into Italy is beautiful: so delightfully does the road wind, that although descending from so great a height, we travelled with perfect ease, and serenely enjoyed the prospect before us. We afterwards passed the luxuriant valley of Suza. On viewing this delightful prospect, rich in every species of grain, in the most delicious fruits, with an atmosphere soft and sweet, a clear and serene sky, we could not help exclaiming, this is surely "a land flowing with milk and honey."

The pass of Suza was defended by a Fort which is now demolished; it was situated upon a little height, and cut into the rock. This place is celebrated by the death of the Chevalier de Belleisle, who perished in 1747, a victim to his courage. Suza is the first city in Piedmont. Tradition tells us, that Hercules passed here to penetrate into Gaul; and that it was by this place also that Hannibal effected

his entrance into Italy. There is a triumphal arch in honour of Augustus, which still preserves the beautiful proportions and taste of Roman architecture. Suza owes its origin to a Roman colony which established itself under the reign of Augustus, who wished to open a road into Dauphiny. From hence to Turin is forty miles. We descended a little, and then entered on a plain between two mountains, until within a few miles of Turin. This plain is watered by the Dora Ripuaria, or Little Dora, to distinguish it from the Great Dora in the valley of Aoste. We now saw the vine united to the elm, and the earth covered with corn and mulberry-trees. On entering Rivoli, we purchased four pounds of fine grapes for seven sous, and twenty-eight Burgundy pears for two sous. Fruit is plentiful here. Apples, pears, walnuts, and chesnuts may be plucked in passing, and peaches, apricots, plums, grapes, &c. are abundant, and very cheap. The road from Rivoli to Turin is straight, bordered on each side by trees, and in the midst of a beautiful plain. It is intersected by innumerable canals,

dug expressly to spread the waters of the Dora. This is the commencement of the rich plain of Lombardy, which extends to Venice.

## CHAPTER V.

### TURIN: ALESSANDRIA AND GENOA.

TURIN is one of the finest cities in Italy. It is situated almost at the foot of the Alps, in a fine plain watered by the Po, and in the place where that river receives the Dora Ripuaria. It is surrounded by good walls and a deep ditch, and was one of the best fortified places in Europe: the works are now all destroyed. It is celebrated for the many sieges it has sustained, and for its territory being the theatre of so many battles. The houses are grand, and built with great regularity, the streets being all at right angles with each other. Although, from that circumstance, it may, after a time, appear somewhat monotonous; yet it has an air of magnificence, and was certainly the handsomest city we had seen. The castle is a noble pile, and stands in the centre of a large square, called Piazza

Castella. All the buildings have a clean appearance; and although the architecture cannot boast of much taste, either in its formation, or in the distribution of its ornaments, yet, altogether, the city has a fine effect. Many of the houses are profusely ornamented, and almost all are adorned with Fresco painting, some scriptural, some heathen subjects, and numbers representing balconies, terraces, &c. well executed. The churches also have much ornament. They use the marble of Suza, which resembles the *verde antique*, the blue marble of Piedmont, and others of different colours, from the quarries of Geneva and Dauphiny. Nature has been lavish to this country in the finest marbles; but she has not bestowed upon it a Bramante, a Buonorotti, a Vasari, or a Palladio. The bread here is of a much better quality than in France. Ice is served at table, brought from the neighbouring Alps, and of so pure a quality, that it is common to put it into the wine to cool it before drinking, and by dissolving there, it consequently becomes a part of the beverage.

The manufactory for silk is in full vigour at Turin. The silk stockings are highly prized. The citadel is now ornamented with rows of trees, which form a promenade for the inhabitants.

The fogs, which often arise from the Po and the Dora, in autumn and winter, render the air thick and humid in those seasons; while, on the contrary, in the spring and summer, there is often no rain for months. Indeed, as we advanced in Italy, we found this very general; for we passed over the bottoms of many rivers which were dried up, in consequence of the long drought. The surrounding country produces abundance of all sorts of provisions. Turin is about three miles in circumference. It is the capital of Piedmont, and was, when united to France, one of the principal cities of the empire. The king of Sardinia, who resides here, is not much respected by the people, who take every opportunity of ridiculing him. I shall have occasion to speak more of his qualities and government hereafter.

Alessandria is a day's journey from Turin. The beauty of the country continues through an agreeable and fertile plain, covered with grain, vines, and good pasturage. In advancing towards Asti, we passed in the middle of some hills, from whence flow limpid rivulets, which contribute to increase the Tanaro.

Alessandria della Paglia, upon the Tanaro, is celebrated in the history of the wars in Italy, from the number of sieges it has sustained. It has a strongly fortified citadel, considered the best in Italy, and so improved under Napoleon, as to be called the first rampart of the empire. Here is another of his grand works, a bridge leading from the citadel to the city, covered in, and having machines to let down over the arches, by which all the ditches are filled. Since the legitimates have returned, much of religious mummery takes place, and processions of monks with lighted torches, &c. are every where met with, and the bells are continually tolling. Soon after our arrival, one of these processions passed, chanting for a

sick person; it was an heterogeneous assemblage, but the manner of their singing was solemn and affecting. The interior of the houses are elegant, the chambers having coved ceilings, and ornamented with Fresco painting. We saw pass above six hundred men in chains, being deserters, robbers, &c. returning from their daily task. The plain of Marengo is near here, where the celebrated battle was fought, when Buonaparte conquered the Austrians, and in which General Dessaix was killed.

We observed, as we approached southward, that there was little or no twilight. Oxen perform all the agricultural work, and were used in the market-carts, and for every purpose except posting. The asses are much larger here than on our side the Alps. Novi is the first city of Liguria; it is situated at the foot of the Apennines, and is the depository of all the merchandise which comes from the Levant, in its passage into Germany and Lombardy. Here the wealthy Genoese come to reside in the autumn. The figs were at this time

ripe, and of a delicious flavour. We afterwards entered on the Genoese Apennines: as we ascended, the air felt cold and damp. On passing the Bocchetta, the luxuriance of the adjacent country was delightful. The villages are pretty; and we enjoyed a prospect rich in every variety of hill, dale, and vegetation. From the highest point we had a first sight of the city of Genoa, and the Mediterranean Sea spread itself before us. The buildings in the suburbs are magnificent. They are adorned with Fresco painting, even to the walls of the gardens. The vines entwine round the elm, and in some places are carried over the road, forming a canopy to the passing traveller. The road is so extremely bad across these mountains, that it was sometime before we recovered from the effects of the excessive jolting.

We entered Genoa, called by distinction, *la superba*. The Genoese appear a noble and independent race. They have more the appearance of gentlemen (and by that I mean Englishmen) than any we had yet met with on the Continent. The women

also reminded us of those of our own country, and still more so from their dress being in general white. They are finely formed, noble in carriage, a full size, have good features, and sparkling eyes; but they want that mark of health, the carnation bloom, which distinguishes the British fair. The streets were so crowded with them on our entry, that we might have supposed the population to be entirely of women. They were proceeding to the promenade. The Genoese appear to retain all their ancient spirit, and nothing seems to gall them so much as being under the Sardinian government, which they detest. The Piedmontese and the Genoese have always been at enmity with each other; and being now placed under the same king, the whole of the odium falls on his Sardinian Majesty. The Genoese say they should glory in being under the British government; but, tied down under those who know not how to appreciate them, they suffer the most odious impositions and exactions. The city is filled with troops, as if it were a besieged town; and the rattling of drums is heard from morning till night. They

say that there are more troops than can be paid; and if it were not from the fear of an English fleet, they would expel the whole of them in twenty-four hours. The soldiers are openly insulted, the government is execrated, and so little respect have they for the king, that a man carrying his bust along the street, was offered by three different persons, fifty and a hundred livres each, to let them throw a stone at it. Such is the present state of Genoa, worthy of being a colony and an ally of England.

The English are described as suffering more restrictions than any other nation; and we found, from our own experience under the Piedmontese government, more delays and exactions from the police and its other officers than in any other state. In Genoa the police and the various consuls play into each other's hands, so that each may have his share of the plunder of the traveller. The police said, it was necessary our passports should be viewed by the consul for the two Sicilies, although we were going to Leghorn. The consul of the Two Sicilies (who, by-the-bye, was a

talkative woman left in charge of the office, and no doubt was a suitable representative of that government) would not sign it without we paid eighteen francs for each; and until this was done the mayor refused us a bill of health. In this dilemma we were under the necessity of applying to our worthy consul Mr. Stirling, a man whose gentlemanly and conciliating character must excite the admiration of every one, and who, if I may use the expression, is adored by the Genoese. It is quite delightful to find in Genoa, where the English are really loved, a man so capable of supporting the character and interests of his country: the whole city resounds with his praise. Knowing that there was no necessity for our passports being seen by the consul for Naples, he obligingly wrote for us to the police, who made an alteration, but not an effectual one; and after sending backwards and forwards several times, and the delay of two days, we at last got it completed. It is a pleasing reflection that while the consuls of other nations endeavour to fleece all who come near them, the English consu-

late disdains to receive fees. Mr. Stirling's polite reception of us was particularly gratifying. He is an Irishman, and evinced that urbanity of character and hospitality which are the characteristics of his country.

The first morning after our arrival we were awoke very early (about four o'clock) by a tremendous noise of human voices, which we found to arise from between three and four hundred labourers talking under our windows, being the place of their assemblage previously to the labour of the day. We understood that there were nearly seven hundred of these men, who were principally employed in conveying corn to and from the vessels. They were described as a hardy and a most faithful race. We experienced their readiness to serve us on many occasions. In the heat of the day they are seen lying at full length in all the shaded avenues; and the stairs and passages of the hotels and palaces are crowded with them. On the quay they have mats to protect them from the heat of the sun. The colour of their flesh is beautiful, and forms a most admi-

rable study for the historical painter. The shops were all set out by six in the morning, and there was one street filled with jewellers, displaying all kinds of fanciful works in gold, beautifully manufactured. There are only a few principal streets where carriages can drive; the others are narrow alleys, through which persons pass on foot, and conveyances of goods are made upon mules or asses. The houses and palaces have a magnificent appearance; the exterior, being painted, and the interior adorned with sculpture in high relief. There is a general sort of taste displayed every where; but the Genoese were never eminent in the fine arts. The interior of the church of St. Lorenzo had an imposing appearance: the pillars and pilasters were covered with crimson damask velvet and gold, and some parts were richly embroidered, the whole being prepared for high mass. The church of Carignano is something like St. Paul's, but much smaller. The bridge of that name, which leads to the church, is built over a street. The tops of houses, high in themselves, are seen considerably below the

arch of the bridge. The inhabitants of different countries have various ways of ending their lives, when in a state of despondency. The English terminate their existence with a pistol; but the Genoese precipitate themselves from this bridge, and thus enter into "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." The view from the top of the church is very beautiful, commanding the whole of Genoa, which rises before you an amphitheatre of stone. In the walls of many churches are seen, rivetted, links of chains of extraordinary size, preserved as trophies of victory over the Venetians, being parts of their gates. All that we saw reminded us of the former power of Genoa; but the Genoese citizens, with whom we conversed, although evincing in themselves an independence of spirit, such as we do not often meet with on the Continent, told us that Genoa was now but a shadow of its former self: they lamented they were betrayed by those for whom they had the greatest respect, and assured us it was only under a solemn promise their independence should be recognised,

that they admitted the English troops. In spite, however, of this, they were delivered into the power of a narrow-minded tyranny. It is painful to hear our country, whose character has stood so high, thus charged with a breach of faith. However, there is some satisfaction that they seem to know from whence it springs, and make a distinction between the ministers of our great empire and its people. We were greatly indebted to the friendship of a Genoese merchant, who, as he told us, for the love he bore the English, in which he was joined by the whole city, wished to pay us every possible attention. I shall now proceed to relate the delights of an Italian feulucca.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FEULUCCA, LEGHORN, AND PISA.

HAVING determined to proceed to Leghorn by sea, we were advised to go by a feulucca; and, without knowing exactly the sort of vessel which was to convey us, we engaged our passage in one that was to sail by the first wind. After waiting two or three days, we were told the wind was fair; and, all our luggage being stowed on board, we proceeded to the quay. Our friend, the Genoese merchant, to whose kind services we were much indebted, attended our embarkation. The ceremony of taking leave excited no little surprise in some who were unacquainted with the custom. The conjunction of noses, and the feeling a rough beard where softer cheeks usually dwell, certainly appeared very strange. However, it was meant in the sincerity of friendship, and, as such, submitted to with a good grace; though

it was the subject of much merriment afterwards. We then entered the Italian feulucca, and the reader may conceive us on the Mediterranean Sea, just emerging from the gulf of Genoa, the sun setting in splendour behind the maritime Alps. Every one will recollect, who has read Peregrine Pickle, the dinner given by the doctor at Paris, and the mode of laying themselves along to enjoy the repast. However ludicrous and inconvenient that might be, it was nothing when compared to our accommodation. The feulucca is a large boat with a space in the centre, boarded over, and the whole covered in with hoops and a tarpaulin. Under this, and on these boards, the passengers recline, (for it is hardly possible to sit up) supported by their portmanteaus or any thing they can get. Perceiving some shrugs and other uneasy indications in some of our fellow-voyagers, we suspected they were not over clean. At last, one of them making several darts with his fingers at different parts of his dress, he very obligingly took a flea from his neighbour's cravat, and at once discovered the cause

of those movements, and the object of his search. Our situation, then, may be imagined, crowded in a small boat without the possibility of escaping from this species of annoyance, with which we very soon found ourselves fully occupied.

Night having set in, the padrone (as the owner of the vessel is called) produced, for those who paid for the accommodation so high as we did, mattresses and blankets, and with them myriads of fleas. To free ourselves from the latter was impossible; for, after every unavailing attempt, "new legions on new legions rose." We were soon well bitten from top to toe; "sleep, nature's soft nurse, was frighted, and refused to weigh our eyelids down in sweet forgetfulness." For four days and nights we were in absolute torment.

As we advanced towards Porto Fino the rocks were very high and bold, and there appeared no chance of escaping if shipwrecked. In the course of the night we observed under these rocks boats with blazing fires, this being the mode adopted for catching a kind of fish about the size of salmon, which are attracted to the boat

by the light, when the men dart spears into them. After sailing briskly all night, we found ourselves in the morning returning to Porto Fino, having been driven back by contrary winds. This place is inhabited by fishermen, and seems, from the hills which surround it, to be separated from all communication except by sea. Our breakfast was fried fish and coffee. Being detained here the whole day, we wandered among the rocks, from the top of which there is a fine view of the Mediterranean. The water in the harbour is beautifully clear, and all along the Etrurian coast it has the same transparency, with a colour equal to the brightest ultra-marine. A breeze springing up the next morning, we set sail, and made Porto di Venere the following day. There also we landed, it being a day for the celebration of some fête, and the sailors were desirous of attending it. From Porto di Venere the Apennines line the coast, presenting a fine appearance; their tops capped with clouds, and their bases running into the sea.

Although our voyage was tedious, we were enlivened at times by the singing of

the padrone, who had great power of execution. In the course of conversation with the passengers, we were told that we should find the Italians universally in favour of Napoleon, and they certainly expressed their sentiments much more openly than in France. It was astonishing to us, as Englishmen, to find how little information the people of Italy or France had of what was transacting in other parts of the globe. They inquired when Buonaparte died, and when we informed them that he was still alive at St. Helena, they repeated the information among themselves, then shook their heads, and assured us that we were deceived by our ministers, for that he died in England. It was delightful to hear this distinction always preserved between the ministers and the people. Fatigued and disgusted, we gladly landed at Leghorn, the fourth evening after our departure from Genoa. From many travellers, with whom we afterwards conversed, we understood the general character of the feuluccas to be such as I have described.

Leghorn is a free port, and displays all

the consequent bustle and activity. We felt much gratified in our reception. The moment we were known to be English, the examination of our passports was dispensed with; at the same time, it was politely signified that we might go where we pleased. After all the vexations and obstructions we had experienced, and more particularly under the Sardinian government, we once more felt that we were Englishmen. Our first inquiry was for a bath, to which we hastened.

The whole of the pavement of Leghorn being of flat stones, it was a luxury to walk on them; and the coaches, which are very light, and drawn only by one horse, glide along the streets with ease and celerity. The city was in more than usual gaiety on our arrival, the Princess of Austria having just arrived on her way to the Brazils. Previously to our landing, we observed a large ship of war at anchor, surrounded by boats, and many passing to and from the land, decorated with colours. It was the vessel intended for the conveyance of the Princess, who had already embarked. A gentleman who had been

aboard, described it as having the appearance of Noah's Ark, from the quantity of live stock, and stores of all sorts of provisions. The smell arising from these was beyond endurance; and unless the olfactory nerves of the Princess were very strong, she would be overpowered by the congregated odours. Her cabin was fitted up as gay as silk, satin, velvet, and gold could make it; but the dirt seen every where was disgusting. He was wrong, perhaps, in speaking in such strong terms, for an Englishman who has never seen Vienna can have no idea what *German luxury* may be.

Leghorn is a modern city, its port is one of the best in Italy, and it is indebted for its origin to the family of the Medici. A part is intersected by canals, and is called New Venice, being a great convenience for the landing of merchandise.

The women, in general, wear large flat bonnets, adorned with plumes of feathers, placed on one side of the head or negligently thrown on their backs. It gives them a style that is very pleasing. Having entered now into the heart of Italy, the ap-

pellation of *Signor* is much more general. "Si, Signor" is the affirmative to every question asked, and whether from its novelty or its harmony, the sound was very agreeable to our ears. It has certainly not the abruptness of "Yes, Sir," nor the hardness of sound in "*Oui, Monsieur.*" This was the only place, during our journey, where we enjoyed the luxury of knives that would *cut*, and they were of English manufacture. There is a monument on one of the quays erected to Ferdinand the First, with four slaves in bronze at the base: the figure of Ferdinand is colossal, miserably executed in marble; but two of the slaves in bronze are finely designed.

All the post-horses being engaged for the return of the suite of the Princess of Austria, who had just embarked for the Brazils, we passed to Pisa by the Vetturini, and arrived there in two hours. On each side the road, the vines, laden with fruit, spread their luxuriant foliage, forming festoons from one tree to another. Pisa is traversed by the Arno, which divides it into almost two equal parts, having three bridges. With this city we were

delighted. The phenomenon of the leaning tower, the splendour and richness of decoration of the cathedral and of the baptistry, the paintings, the sculpture, and the architecture displayed there, and in the Campo Santo, are truly gratifying, and form an assemblage of beauties well worthy of the traveller's notice. To begin with the leaning tower. Whether it arose from accident or design I know not, but it is a most wonderful work. It is a round tower of eight stories of pillars, 180 feet high, inclining so much out of the perpendicular, that the top projects fifteen feet over the base. The way up to the top is by a circular flight of steps within, of so gentle an ascent, that it is said a horse could mount with ease. In going up, the inclination of the tower is found to be considerable, but in coming down still more so. It appears, on the upper side, as if you were ascending, and on the lower side, you feel as if you would fall headlong. On the top it has a fearful slant; and, but for the iron railing which surrounds it, few would venture to trust themselves there. The base on the lower

side appears sunk in the ground above six feet. It is built of marble, and has stood more than six hundred years without fissure or decay, having been raised in 1174. It is supposed to have sunk, when built, as high as the fifth story, and the architect had the boldness, and the skill, to complete it in the direction it had taken. One of my fellow-travellers thought he discovered that, from the fifth story, it took a more vertical line; but I could find no deviation of the inclined line from the base to the top. It is said, likewise, that the pillars on the leaning side were of greater elevation; but this does not appear founded in fact. Its form and proportions are graceful.

The cathedral was built in 1003, upon the ruins, it is said, and with the materials, of a palace of Aurelian. Its pillars are of various coloured marbles, granite, porphyry, &c. and some from a temple of Nero. It is composed, indeed, of treasures brought from various parts of the world by the victorious Pisanese; who, at one time, commanded Carthage, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Elba, &c. &c. Pisa is decorated

with their spoils. Over the choir is a representation in mosaic of Jesus and two Marys, sixty feet high. The altar is composed of lapis lazuli, verde antique, &c. &c. The bronze gates are beautifully sculptured by John of Bologna. There are also several statues executed by him. In the front is some exquisite Egyptian sculpture. The interior is decorated with many excellent paintings by Andrea del Sarto. The baptistry, which was raised at the public expense, is a detached building, and serves for the whole city. It is adorned also with Egyptian sculpture beautifully executed. The reading desk is supported by polished pillars of Elba granite, porphyry, and other curious marbles. The echo of this place is grand.

The Campo Santo, an elegant and magnificent cemetery, was the common burial place of the city. It contains some of the earliest specimens of Etruscan, Grecian, and Egyptian sculpture, and is adorned with paintings in fresco by Giotto and Cimabue. Among the busts are those of Achilles, Brutus, and Hadrian. A quantity of earth was brought to this place

from the Holy Land, from which it derives its name. There is an excellent botanical garden; and I must not omit to observe, that the celebrated tower is shown, where Count Ugolino and his four sons were starved to death, and which is so beautifully and affectingly described by Dante, in his Inferno*. Near Pisa is an aqueduct seven miles in length, and some baths. The origin of Pisa is supposed to have been anterior to the Trojan war. It is certainly the most ancient city of Etruria.

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* Canto 33d.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FROM PISA TO ROME.

As there is no mode of conveyance in Italy but by post, or the Vetturini, we fixed upon the former as the most expeditious. It was requisite therefore to buy a carriage; and one of my companions possessing the necessary knowledge, the purchase of one was left to him. Unfortunately, however, there was a small oversight, which was the cause of much trouble, vexation, and delay; and might have been attended with very serious consequences. The particulars I shall soon have occasion to notice. As our great object was Rome, we intended travelling night and day by the shortest road. From the similarity of scenery, I often fancied myself journeying in England; but a clear sky, a burning sun, and abundance of delicious fruits, reminded me I was not in my native land. Near La Scala is the village of St. Miniato,

the residence of the ancestors of Napoleon. Towards evening we arrived at Sienna, a celebrated city of Tuscany, situated on the summit of a mountain. It appears to have been built on the crater of a volcano, being subject to earthquakes; that of 1798, damaging most of its edifices. It is in the middle of beautiful hills, and the views from it are delightful.

On our arrival there was a grand annual fête celebrating in honour of the Virgin. The city appeared, on our entrance, to be deserted; but soon after we saw the inhabitants in their best attire returning in crowds from the place of justing, there having been a tournament. Many of them were dressed in the Roman costume, with the tunic, toga, helmet, &c. The victors in these games were led in triumph, followed by trains of carriages full of ladies decked with feathers and the gayest ornaments. The whole city seemed to be preparing for the evening's entertainments, and the people at our inn said they should be up all night. Being taken excessively ill, I found it was impossible for me to proceed that night, and this accident stopped our pro-

gress for a few hours. On retiring to rest the street still continued in bustle and gaiety; and we were alternately enlivened by serenades, or by the chanting of parties at a shrine of the Virgin, opposite our windows, in which the people occasionally joined. There is certainly something very delightful in the catholic religion; every where there appears so much harmony among its members. They really seem to be what we should always be, like brothers and sisters. The intervals of quiet which succeeded these bursts of melody, gave me some moments for reflection.

I love to consider myself at times as an isolated being; to abstract my thoughts so from the world, that, although my body may feel all the inconveniences attached to mortality, my soul may wing its flight in the ethereal space, and wander in the regions of fancy. These moments, perhaps, are the most delightful of our existence. When from this eminence I view the ball from which I have sprung, and which looks but as a spot in the vast space; how insignificant do the movements of the little animals, its inhabitants, appear: like an ant-

hill, where you see its inmates in constant bustle and ferment, scrambling over each other, and very often fighting for a straw! I am inclined to think that the movements of the latter, although partly inexplicable to a common spectator, have more of wisdom in them than those of men. At moments like these, the folly of human pursuits is seen, as well as the necessity for enquiring into the object of our creation, which few know or care about. The people of the earth fatigue themselves most unnecessarily, and render their lives doubly bitter by their own weakness, in pursuing objects in themselves perfectly insignificant. In no instance is this more fully seen than in their disputes on religion. They quarrel with each other as to what form they shall adopt to address the Deity. They all agree in acknowledging an Almighty God, and in reverencing a Supreme Being; but it is in the manner of worship they disagree: and in support of their different opinions all the irascible passions are called forth, and they often display towards each other an animosity truly inhu-

man; as if that which is the most simple and reverential would not be the most acceptable.

As long as the world exists there naturally will be a diversity of opinion; but, if they agree upon the principal point, that there is a God by whom they exist and to whom they are all indebted, and consequently, to whom they are to pay their adorations, why should there be mutual hatred, because the manner in which the Creator is adored may vary? If each would enjoy his own opinion, and study to promote love rather than dissension, the happiness of all would be consulted; and they would be doing more to render themselves acceptable in the sight of God, than by bigotry and persecution.

There are many other instances that might be pointed out, which display the insanity rather than the wisdom of our boasted species, and to one who views them from above, equally ridiculous. But it is time I should descend from the clouds.

During the evening, parties of four, five, and six, were continually passing, singing

with the most beautiful harmony; and several times in the night I was awoke by the concord of sweet sounds.

The road from Sienna to Rome is one of the worst in Italy, independently of its being infested by robbers, and that a great part of the inhabitants are a lawless set. The barren mountains and dreary wastes that we had to pass, the continual rising and falling in the roads, added to their bad state, were of themselves sufficient to render our progress disagreeable. Setting off early next morning, before we arrived at the second post one of the wheels of our carriage came off. Upon examination, the wonder was how it had remained on so long, being only tacked to the axle-tree with a piece of leather. The villany of the post-master who sold it to us, and who had pronounced it road-worthy, was the first specimen we had of Italian duplicity. We procured assistance from a blacksmith at a neighbouring village, who undertook to remedy the defect. Here we were detained some hours; and I took the opportunity of examining the faulty part, that in case of further accident I might know what to do.

The iron that was taken off appearing good, I took care of it, which afterwards proved to be a fortunate foresight. The blacksmith charged us exorbitantly, and we again set off. The inns on this road are wretched; at many places we could only get sour bread, bad wine, and worse cheese; neither fruit nor coffee could be obtained. The country now presented a different scene, being very hilly and of a barren appearance. Soon after passing La Poiderini we again broke down, the new iron giving way. The postilions, from ignorance or design, could not assist; and neither myself nor my fellow travellers knew what to do. Being a considerable distance from any inhabited place, in this dilemma, having before examined the nature of the fractured part, with a few nails that were hardly long enough, and the piece of iron I had saved, I made an essay at coach-mending; and as well as the nature of the materials would admit, made a job of it. We again advanced, and towards evening began to ascend the mountain of Radicofani, which, with the surrounding country, is full of banditti. Our postilions

indeed appeared of that class; and they seemed to view our shattered equipage with malicious smiles. Villany appeared lurking in their eyes and playing on their lips, as if they considered us a marked booty for them. The prospect was dreary. There had been corn on the land, but it now appeared a waste of marl: it has much of the volcanic character. The hills rising around us were some crowned with castles, some with clouds. As we ascended it grew cooler and cooler, and the gathering clouds obscured the sun. Passing some ruins of houses where we were informed the brigands lay in wait, we approached the summit, on which is an old castle, and changed horses at the barracks situated just below, placed there to protect the country. We continued our journey with additional anxiety, lest the carriage should again break in the fearful descents which we had to make. The view from the top of the hill was very grand, but at this time appeared solemn and dreary. The moon, which was in its second quarter, was continually obscured, and at last sunk below the horizon. Darkness now set in upon

us, and our descent became fearful and terrific. It continued for miles, alternately on rugged roads, by the sides of dreadful precipices, or on the uneven beds of currents, whose waters no longer flowed. Just as we had descended a steep declivity we were overturned. Here then we were, among dreary mountains, infested with banditti, darkness surrounding us, excepting when the lightning flashed; no assistance, no house for miles; the postilions ejaculating, and our valet miserably lamenting. How often at this time did I look to catch a glimpse of the north star, and think on those I held most dear. I silently imagined what they would say if they knew my situation. Again I attempted to mend the wheel; but after proceeding a few paces it fell. We then tied it; the ropes broke; the horses plunged, one of the postilions was thrown, and he, the horses, and the carriage, lay in a heap together.

There is a little animal in Italy, a species of grasshopper, which is always heard at night, and the cry of which very often approaches to a frightful shriek. At this

moment they added new terrors to our situation; for, sounding from every side, it appeared as if they were signals, and that we should be assailed by brigands from all quarters. There was now no prospect but of remaining here all night, subject to these inconveniences. The postilions, swearing they should be assassinated, threatened to leave us, and to take the horses. However, by threats and persuasions, they were at last induced to remain. We tied the wheel again with more success; sent the valet forward, and then moved slowly on. After walking four miles, we came to a hut, where the servant had procured lights and some good nails. It again fell to my lot to mend, and which I now did effectually. At half past twelve at night we arrived at Acquapendente, tired, sleepy, and cold, twelve miles from the place of our last accident. Our valet described the inhabitants to be *toutes voleurs*, and before they parted with us they endeavoured to merit that character. I confess I should have been very sorry to have been without pistols.

The evening was succeeded by a most

lovely morning. Acquapendente is situated high, the air keen, the scenery wild and dreary. The carriage being thoroughly repaired, after paying most exorbitantly for that and every thing we had, with no appeal, we took our departure for Rome. The English have the credit for riches from one end of the Continent to the other, and are always considered fair objects for plunder and extortion: this is not confined to the innkeeper and his dependents in Italy, but is practised by the police, the guards, the custom-house officers, and, although last not least, the post-masters and postilions; all in succession assail you, and will even use threats if they think they can frighten you.

On the road to St. Laurent, we passed natural caverns in the rocks and artificial grottos, that have served equally for the retreats of the shepherds and of the brigands, for the stowage of instruments of agriculture as well as for the hiding-places of weapons of destruction. Bolsena is built on the ruins of the ancient Volcinium, one of the principal cities of Etruria, and the capital of the Vol-

cians; it is now a miserable village. We coasted along the fine lake of Bolsena, which is near thirty miles in circumference. There are on it two small islands inhabited. It is supposed that this lake was the crater of a volcano. There are few parts of Italy which offer more delightful points of view than the environs of Bolsena. The air here is particularly fine. The road to Montefiascone is through a thick wood which has never been cut, and hence much respected for its rare antiquity. Montefiascone is situated on the top of a mountain, a very peculiar feature in Italian scenery. At a distance it has the appearance of a large city; it is celebrated for its wines, and above all for the Muscatel wine: this was the most pleasant we had tasted in Italy. There is a fine view from this city, and it commands a great extent of territory.

Viterbo is celebrated for its iron: it is a large town, and is wholly paved with pieces of lava from four to eight feet long. Pisa, Genoa, and many other Italian cities are paved with lava, which is quite luxurious

to the feet, after the sharp pebbles with which we meet in most of the continental towns. In descending the mountain to Ronciglione, we coasted the Lake of Vico. The country has a gloomy and barren appearance, and agriculture appears almost entirely neglected. Between Monterosi and Boccano, driving along the Roman pavement, we were again overturned, by the hind wheel coming off, the linch-pin having been certainly stolen at the last place where we changed horses; here also we had the misfortune to lose one of our pistols. Again we were righted, and making use of a piece of wood for a pin, we continued our course. The patrimony of St. Peter, although the soil is good, is universally neglected, and the *Compagna di Roma*, in particular, is almost deserted.

From Boccano we perceived the cross of St. Peter's, and discovered the city of Rome! Rome—a name familiar to me from my childhood,—the birth place and scene of many of the exploits of my most favourite heroes. I was now about to enter that city, the reading of whose his-

tory had beguiled many an hour, and whose greatest citizens, in succession, I had resolved to take as my model. What various feelings animated me! What throbs filled my breast, when about to visit the country of the Horatii and Curiatii, of Junius Brutus, of Mutius, of Cincinnatus, of Camillus, of Virginius, of Fabricius, of Regulus, of Scipio, of the Gracchi, of Cæsar, Cicero, and Seneca, of Brutus, and Augustus, of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Quintilian, of the Antonines! What delight to range over the hills of Rome—the Palatine where Romulus was found—the Aventine where the Romans so often made a stand for liberty—the Capitoline where sat an assemblage of gods, as the Roman senate has been described. All this, which I had so often traced in imagination, I was now about to enjoy in reality. But to this illusion succeeded disappointment and melancholy: the surrounding country is a desert—the scite of ancient magnificence is occupied by modern insignificance or covered with grass—the hills of Rome are hardly distinguishable from the rubbish that has ac-

cumulated around them—and this city, which contained, in the time of Claudius, near seven millions of inhabitants, can now count but 160,000.—Thus do "empires rise and fall—flourish and decay."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ANCIENT ROME.

After various accidents, delays, and dangers, some of them sufficiently vexatious, at last we arrived at Rome. Rome! The former mistress of the world! Alas! how changed. To attain this, we had traversed plains, crossed seas, ascended to the regions of the clouds, and descended to the bottoms of rivers, whose waters had been dried up by excessive heat. We had suffered the extremes of cold, surrounded by snow and ice, and of parching heat under a burning sun. We had passed mountains the most beautifully cultivated, valleys in all the luxuriancy of vegetation, and dreary wastes full of caverns, and recesses the resorts of brigands and banditti. The mountains' ragged cliffs, we had clambered, and descended from their summits, down their steep declivities full of precipices, with almost the fearful velocity of a

rapid current. Such was our journey to Rome: a journey which we did not anticipate, in the delightful country of Italy, the garden of the world.

Advancing upon the ancient Flaminian way, we entered Rome by the Porto del Populo, and engaged apartments in the Piazza d'Espagua. Every one, on visiting a celebrated city, should endeavour to become acquainted with its localities: to do this, I would recommend that the most elevated points should be ascended, taking a map, and from thence to compare every part, marking the situation of the principal buildings. The circuit of the city should next be made, and by doing this, in a short time the whole place would be familiar. The best places for this purpose are, the tower on the Capitoline hill, and the tops of the Antonine and Trajan columns; these being centrically situated, the city, ancient and modern, spreads itself around them. Besides these, there are fine points of view from the Pincean hill, Mount Janiculum, the castle of St. Angelo, and the top of St. Peter's.

Rome!—The subject is so overpower-

ing that I know not how to begin; my mind is distracted by a thousand different thoughts—a thousand various feelings agitate me. If I could confine myself to its ancient state, what a glorious theme to dwell upon; but I am upon the spot—on the spot *only*—where it formerly stood—the illusion is dissipated—and floods of tears succeed each other when I find that Rome, with all its greatness, has vanished from the earth.

But I have seen St. Peter's—St. Peter's—contemptible—St. Peter's cannot bear a comparison with the ruins of ancient Rome; how then can the sight of it compensate for the destruction of the other. Still more acute must this feeling be, when we know that not all the civil brawls; not all the ignorance and want of taste in the latter emperors; not all the rage and indiscriminate fury of the barbarians, nor the bigotry and fanatic zeal in the darker ages, have tended so much to the destruction of ancient Rome, as those families who, in their wretched feeling, would build themselves palaces by the spoliation of the finest monuments of Roman grandeur.

Such is the fact, they have not only robbed, but they have utterly destroyed many of the finest works. They had not even the faculty of appropriation. How many cornices, fluted columns, and beautifully executed capitals, have I seen cut up and and used as merely blocks of marble! And after they had accomplished this destruction, what have they produced? Buildings and streets, which are a disgrace to the local beauties of the hills of Rome. With feelings of sorrow and indignation, which it was impossible to suppress, we wandered through the streets of this *modern* city; and could not proceed many paces without witnessing some of these works of destruction, in columns of porphyry or verde antique, cut down for door-posts, to grace the entry of paltry court-yards. Reflecting on these changes, and to what use the best things may be converted, we were accosted by a tawdry dressed jackanapes, powdered, and bespattered with tinsel, a running footman, who told us we should be run over by the equipage that followed, if we did not move.

The principal objects of attraction are the Colliseum, the Capitol, the Pantheon, the Vatican, the Farnese palace, and the villa Farnesiana; the first as being the ruins of one of the grandest edifices of the Romans; the second having been the former seat of empire; the third as the best preserved and most beautiful of their temples; the fourth containing the finest examples of modern painting, and an assemblage of the most beautiful specimens of antique sculpture; and the last two from being adorned by the works of Raffaelle and Annibal Carrachi. To the Capitol we immediately hastened.

The Capitol is situated between modern Rome and the ancient ruins, forming the boundary of the one and the commencement of the other. Seated on the summit of the tower, rising from the senatorial palace, which is built on the top of the Capitoline hill, the highest point of the city; clasping the figure of Minerva, by which it is crowned, we enjoy the sight of both. When from this eminence we view the scene by which we are surrounded, and contemplate the past, what melancholy

emotions are inspired! Within that range, what scenes had passed, what actions had been performed, what glories seen, what cruelties executed! There had been practised every virtue which can adorn humanity, and every vice which can degrade it. The noblest and the vilest actions: the most glorious liberty had dignified that spot; the most detestable despotism had disgraced it. Unrivalled beauties adorned this place; the intellect of man seemed almost to have been exhausted in its decoration; the wealth of all the earth contributed to it. From here was the law issued to the whole world. Empires and nations bowed beneath its yoke; all men obeyed its mandate. From the Ganges to Albion's cliffs, from the Arctic to Afric's torrid clime, they knew, they loved, they trembled at the name of Rome.

What do we now behold? Melancholy contrast—of all the beauties which once adorned not only the capitol of Rome, but Rome itself, there is not a perfect specimen remaining. Before us is a scene of ruined splendour: massive and grand, and sufficient to strike the spectator with awe

even in their present mutilated state. Those monuments which remain are half buried in their ruins; and the Forum of Rome, where the intellect of the world was concentrated, the seat of universal empire, is converted into a cattle market, with the contemptible designation of Campo Vaccino; and the walks of philosophers covered with asses, monks, and straw. Such is the mutability of human affairs.

Surrounding the Forum, and within the compass of one's eye, is an assemblage of objects grand, beautiful, and interesting: triumphal arches; columns of fine proportions, the only remains of edifices once so celebrated; temples in ruins; and, at the end, the prodigious form of the amphitheatre of Vespasian. On the right it is bounded by the Palatine hill, the seat of infant Rome, but now a shapeless mass of rubbish. The Tarpeian rock, which lay between the Capitol and the Tiber, rendered so famous by the number of victims hurled from its top, is no longer an object of terror, and indeed can hardly be pointed

out, as ruins have not only filled up the gap, but raised the banks and narrowed the course of the river.

Descending from the Capitol we approached the arch of Septimus Severus, which, with three columns of the temple, erected by Augustus to Jupiter Tonans, is situated at the foot of the mount. These, with eight pillars of the Temple of Concord, the arch of Constantine, and many others, have been cleared by the French of the rubbish in which they were buried; and their bases now appear considerably below the present elevation of the ground. An insolated column of the Corinthian order, called the Pillar of Phocias, the half only of which had heretofore been seen above ground, was clearing, and was nearly completed when we left Rome, by the order, at the expense, and much to the honour, of the Duchess of Devonshire. These are acts which show true nobility. Below its base are seen several steps by which it was approached; and at the foot of these is the original pavement of the Forum. Here we descended and enjoyed

the idea that we were standing on the same ground; nay, resting perhaps on the same stone which Cæsar, Cicero, or Virgil, had trod before us. The pavement of the Forum is above thirty feet below the present causeway; and, from this account, the reader will have some idea of the quantity of ruins which could fill up a space so large as the Forum, to such a height above its original level, and likewise of what treasures might be found if the whole were excavated and cleared. Rome, in the hands of the French or English, might be partly resuscitated; but much as it was improved under the government of the former, its course has been retrograde since they left Italy. Of the three triumphal arches of Septimus Severus, Titus, and Constantine, the last is the best preserved. But of what an heterogeneous assemblage of materials is it composed! We speak of the plunderers of the works of art of the present day,—Elgin, Buonaparte, and others, if plunderers they can be justly called, who only took to preserve, who rescued the finest works of art from the spoliation of barba-

rians, or the indifference of ignorance, and placed them where they would be valued according to their worth. But Constantine was the most tasteless, the most brutal of all civilized plunderers. To satisfy his own wretched vanity, and adorn his new city of Constantinople—Asia and Europe were despoiled of their brightest ornaments. Had he had the power, he would have robbed the sun of its lustre, and left the world in darkness, to satisfy his mad ambition. Such is the instance before us, which was built by the destruction of the arch of Trajan, executed in the best time of the Romans. However inapplicable its basso relievoes were to his victories, and however dissimilar a Dacian might be to a Briton, the form of one man in Constantine's judgement was as good as another, and he cared not how the materials were obtained, so as the arch was erected and inscribed with his name.

In whatever way we consider the amphitheatre of Vespasian, whether as to its colossal size, the solidity of its structure, its architectural taste and proportion, or its convenience, it equally strikes us with

wonder and admiration. With what delight did we wander among its ruins, climb its seats, parade its galleries and arcades, and pass through its vomitories. Days might be spent in exploring and examining its subterraneous passages. Seating ourselves in the centre of the Arena, we contemplated in silence the vast structure by which we were surrounded. It appears to have been a fabric that might have aspired to almost everlasting duration, if it had to combat only with the ravages of time. But the hand of man, guided by the lowest ignorance, the most contemptible vanity, and a total absence of all feeling, has presented a work of destruction, which time perhaps would never have accomplished, and distant ages might have seen this proud monument entire. Suffice it to say, that this wonderful building has been robbed, mutilated, and almost destroyed, by the Farnese and other families of Rome, who have raised their palaces with its materials.

In addition to those I have mentioned are the ruins of the temples of Antoninus and Faustina, of Peace, of the Sun and

Moon, of Remus, and three Corinthian columns of Jupiter Stator. All these lie within a circle, surrounding the Forum, and excite a vast idea of its original magnificence. Beyond these is an immense space, extending to the walls of Rome, covered with vineyards, and interspersed with ruins. On the right, towards Mount Aventine, are the baths of Caracalla ; on the left, between the Cælian hill and the Esquiline Mount, are the remains of the baths of Titus ; four miles from the foot of Mount Cælius, through the gate of St. Sebastian, is a temple of Fortune, built in commemoration of the meeting between Coriolanus and his mother Veturia, and of the triumph of filial piety.

We visited the baths of Caracalla early one morning ; little remains but the walls, which, with the ground, are covered with weeds. It is said to be buried so deep in its ruins, that we tread on the roof of the lower chambers. A large walnut-tree has grown in the middle of what appears to have been the principal saloon ; on the fruit of which, and some blackberries, we made our breakfast. The Hercules of Glycon, and Far-

nesian bull, both now at Naples, were found in these ruins. The baths of Titus are in better preservation; many of the chambers, though now subterranean, being still adorned by painting, the colours appearing in almost their primitive beauty. The triumph of Grecian sculpture, the Laocoon, was dug from these baths.

We extended our walk to the walls, which, in many parts, are in excellent preservation. Many aqueducts, which supply the city, are seen; and on examining the parts that are broken, we discovered that the water of some of them was conveyed through metal pipes. We went out by the gate of St. Sebastian, and passing on the outside of the walls, again entered through that of St. Paul; on the side of which is the pyramidical mausoleum of Caius Cestius. Returning by the Aventine hill we came upon the Circus Maximus, where the rape of the Sabines took place. Mount Palatine, where Romulus and Remus were found, was before us. On it are the ruins of a modern villa; besides immense arches and excavations one within another, which we entered until we were lost in dark-

ness. These are the ruins of the palaces of the emperors. The greatest part of the hill is covered with vines, and the residence of the Cæsars is now a rope walk.

The Pantheon! It is impossible to describe one's feelings on entering this edifice. It must have the same effect upon every one; and none can be wearied in the contemplation of it. Its beautiful proportions, its columns of a single shaft of yellow antique, fluted, of the Corinthian order, its immense dome, the light entering from a single aperture in the centre, shedding around its radiance undistracted, and throwing every object into fine masses of light and shadow—absorbed our powers—we were lost in rapture. For my own part, it was my constant resort daily, during my stay in Rome, and sometimes twice and thrice; yet I was never satisfied, but always longed to return. If in its present state it can fill the mind with such delight, what effect must it have had when complete and adorned with all those statues of bronze, the works of Diogenes of Athens, so highly spoken of by Pliny.

However, this only more fully establishes its intrinsic merit, that stripped of its adventitious ornaments it should so fill the spectator with pleasure. Much are we indebted to that religion whose influence has preserved to us this as well as other monuments of antiquity, though not so perfect.

Different lovers of the Fine Arts have raised funeral monuments to painters, sculptors, poets, architects, and other celebrated men. Among them are the busts of Metastasio, Braccio, Paulo Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, Brunelleschi, Carlo Goldoni, Alfieri, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tiziano, Correggio, Michael Angelo Buonorotti, Palladio, Dante, Polidoro Caravagio, Piranisi, Tasso, Annibal Carrachi, Raffaelle, Bramante, Domenichino, Andrea del Sarto, Pietro Perugino, Giotto, Nicola da Pisa, Masaccio, Guido, Guilio Romano, Mengs, Winckelman, Nicola Poussin, &c. many of these are executed by Canova. In front is a magnificent portico, supported by columns, each of a single block of oriental granite. The eight columns of the façade, which are of red granite, sustain an enta-

blature and a pediment of the finest architectural proportions. The base and the capitals are of black marble. This was built by Marcus Agrippa, son-in-law to Augustus, in his third consulate, twenty-six years before the Christian æra, and in the year of Rome 727. He dedicated it to Jupiter the Revenger, in memory of the victory gained by Augustus over Mark Antony and Cleopatra. From having the statues of all the gods in bronze, in gold, in silver, and in precious stones, it was given the name of the Pantheon, a word of Greek origin, which signifies an assemblage of the gods. The Pantheon is situated in the midst of modern Rome, and is disgraced by the buildings which surround it.

# CHAPTER IX.

## MODERN ROME.

MODERN Rome has the same appearance as most other Italian cities, in the formation of its streets and houses, only that some of them are larger, while its palaces are more numerous. When I say, *modern* Rome, I do not mean that there is likewise an ancient city, but that Rome at present is a modern city, built on the scite, and with the materials of a part of ancient Rome, and occupying rather more than one-third of its former space. It spreads itself from the Tiber over the Campus Martius, and is bounded by the Pincean, Quirinal, and Capitoline hills. What ancient Rome was, we can only conjecture from the ruins that remain; and which, from their size, their grandeur, and their magnificence of decoration, give us an overwhelming idea of its former wealth, power, and greatness. Besides these remains of

antiquity, as they apply to the ancient city, modern Rome derives its present celebrity from being the principal seat of the arts on their revival, making a third age of glory; and from containing some of the finest specimens of modern paintings, sufficient perhaps, in that respect, to rival its former state.

St. Peter's is situated on the Vatican Mount, the other side of the Tiber. The approach to it is over the bridge of St. Angelo and through some dirty streets. Whether from its being unconnected with other buildings, and seen alone in the vast surrounding space, or from the number of small parts of which it is composed, although actually larger than St. Paul's, it appeared diminutive. When we had entered the nave, however, we became sensible of its magnitude, and were delighted with its decorations. There appeared, indeed, no end to its beauties. Still there was a something wanting. Our bosoms did not swell, nor were our minds filled with that overpowering sensation, which the sight of ancient grandeur had produced, to almost the extinction of thought.

We sauntered about with a feeling of pleasure, examining and admiring its embellishments. All sorts of marbles are sprinkled about its walls; and there are many excellent copies in mosaic of the *chef d'œuvres* of Raffaelle, Domenichino, Guercino, and others. We descended and saw the original pavement, and many of the tombs of the popes. We afterwards ascended (early in the morning) to the top, and notwithstanding it has been considered a venturous feat, we climbed with ease over the ball to the cross; clinging to which, we enjoyed an extensive view of Rome and its environs*. In coming down, we entered the ball; and, although only eight o'clock in the morning, it was so hot that we could remain there but a few minutes. It is customary for visitors who have ascended to the cross to sign their names; and among other signatures, we observed those of Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse.

* A very good map of the *Campagna di Roma* is about to be published by Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, extending from Boccano to Terracina, denoting the principal ancient and modern places; accompanied by a Panoramic view.

They who wish to enjoy St. Peter's, must visit it on their first entry into Rome. They will then be delighted with its magnificence. Its proportions, its mosaics, its sculpture, and its marbles, will *then* have their full effect upon the mind. But should they, unfortunately for St. Peter's, visit first the remains of ancient Roman grandeur, it will sink in the comparison. Its style will appear little, its ornaments profuse, its decorations paltry and gaudy, and it will have an air of unwarranted pretension; as if the gaiety of its materials would compensate for its want of simplicity. From its embellishment it seems well calculated to strike the sight of the vulgar, and answer the purposes of the Romish religion. Such, at least, was the effect upon our minds, after having wandered in the ruins of the Forum, contemplated the amphitheatre of Vespasian, and viewed the exquisite beauty, elegance, and simplicity of the Pantheon!*

* A late learned and elegant writer, a man of fine taste and sound judgment, when upon his favourite building of St. Peter's, often appears to consider *size*, in his com-

Adjoining to St. Peter's is the Vatican. In the exterior of this building there is nothing remarkable, but who can describe the wonders it contains! The Sistine chapel, adorned by the Sibyls, the Prophets, and the Last Judgment, of Michael Angelo, I entered for the first time early one morning, and night surprised me before I had half examined its treasures. The chambers of Raffaelle next occupied my attention; and days, weeks, and years, might be advantageously employed in their contemplation and study. But what a lamentable account am I to give of their present state! The most culpable negligence, the blindest indifference, seem to pervade the Papal government. While an outcry has been raised at the statues being removed to France, where they were better seen, and while, with much affected feeling, they have been calling for their restitution, they are permitting such injuries to those fine works which could not be removed, as nothing will repair. The

parison of it with the finest temples of antiquity, as equivalent to every thing else.

paintings of Raffaelle from the Bible in the Corridore are almost destroyed by the damp; those in the chambers, from the same cause, are bulged, and project from the walls, (they who know what fresco-painting is, will tremble at this relation :) and a machine of wood to exhibit some mummery has been raised and fixed to the wall in the Sistine chapel, hiding a portion of the Last Judgment, which contains one of the finest groupes in existence. The care of such works, is not merely a national concern, but the whole world and posterity are interested in the preservation of these divine performances.

The gallery of sculpture is a continued scene of elegance and beauty. The Vatican can again boast of possessing the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous, and all those fine examples of the exquisite taste, nicety of feeling, and delicate sentiment, of that refined people the Greeks. The above statues are seen in their little chambers ; and it may almost be said, that their radiance, indignant at being confined to so small a space, seems desirous of bursting its narrow limits. To view them

in their present situation properly is impossible, unless we could press our backs into the stone wall, so as to enable us to recede to a sufficient distance, that the whole figure may be embraced within the compass of the eye. At Paris they had places worthy of them; every thing that could display them to advantage was done, and they received the adoration of thousands. At Rome, such is the state of feeling, that they only appear to be valued as objects for the attraction of visitors, who come from all quarters of the globe, and the city being principally supported by them. Instead of, as in Paris, where we saw the Louvre crowded with its inhabitants, the Vatican presents on public days about twenty or thirty individuals scattered about its rooms. In fact, I believe them to be considered by the government and the inhabitants (Romans I cannot call them) merely in a trading point of view. The Transfiguration of Raffaelle, the St. Jerome of Domenichino, and the St. Petronilla, by Guercino, since their return from Paris, have been placed in a room by

themselves; but it is too dark to see them as they ought to be viewed.

It would be an endless task, and occupy volumes, to enumerate every beauty in the Vatican; and then even little satisfaction could be given, for they must be seen to be enjoyed.

In descending from the Vatican, we again enter the handsome circular colonnade in front of St. Peter's, adorned with statues, in the centre of which, are two fountains and an obelisk. The effect of this is much better seen from the façade of St. Peter's, as it lies hidden from the view on the approach from the Tiber by a number of buildings, which it was the intention of the French to have levelled and cleared to the bridge. The castle of St. Angelo, formerly the mausoleum of Hadrian, is situated at the foot of the bridge. It has been stripped of all its ornaments, and is now used as a fortress. The bridge is adorned, or rather disgraced, by a number of angels of deformity. The Tiber is a muddy stream, but more rapid than the Seine or the Thames. It hardly comes up to the

idea given by the poet, when he describes Cæsar and Cassius plunging into this "angry flood."

The Capitoline hill, which is surmounted by an ugly building instead of the temple of Jupiter, is now called the Campidoglio. Father Paul, who, it is said, after having slept for three hundred years, revisited his convent, which had been the scene of his delights, could not have felt more vexed in a sensual point of view, at the alterations which had taken place during that period, than we did in an intellectual one, at the lamentable changes which we discovered. Disappointment succeeded disappointment. On each side the space before the senate-house, are two buildings, the one containing many fine remains of antique sculpture, and the other filled by paintings of the old masters. There are none of the latter very extraordinary; but to such a degree are they neglected, that in some of the best the colour is peeling off from the canvass. Many of the original basso-relievoes represented in the Roman Admiranda are to be found here.

The Antonine and Trajan columns were

the next objects of our attention. The former is situated in the centre of a square on one side the street called Il Corso, and is decorated with basso-relievoes to the top, which ascend in a spiral form, representing the victories of Marcus Aurelius, to whose honour it was first elevated, and is now crowned by the statue of St. Paul, in bronze. The sculpture is much damaged. The Trajan pillar was surrounded, and a great part hidden, by mean houses, before the French entered Rome; but by their industry and good taste, these were removed, and the surrounding space has been dug and cleared of the rubbish: the original pavement and some of the pillars of the forum of Trajan are now seen. This column is also adorned with basso relievoes, detailing the victories of Trajan; but here I may observe, that the character of the Roman sculpture is in general vulgar; its forms are heavy and want grace; its execution is in general coarse. Its subjects are often disgusting exhibitions of war and bloodshed. Their best statues and basso relievoes, representing sacrifices and processions, were either executed by the Greeks

or copied from their works. Artists can gather little from these but the costume of the age in which they were executed.

In the Farnese palace is the gallery, celebrated by the fresco paintings of Annibal Carrachi. The colours appear as brilliant as if only just executed, and these paintings are the best preserved of any we saw in Rome. The rest of the palace has been stripped of its treasures to adorn Naples and Palermo; and the rooms are in so dirty a state, as to make one shudder to walk through them. On coming out of one room, we discovered that the lower parts of our dress were covered with hundreds of fleas. On expressing our surprise, the guide smiled, and said it was nothing; at the same time he politely assisted us in brushing them off with his handkerchief.

How contemptible did this as well as other similar buildings appear, in comparison with the archetypes of art, which had been robbed and destroyed for their erection. It was painful to see—it is degrading to think of.

At the Villa Farnesiana, are those beau-

tiful productions from the pencil of Raffaelle—the Galatea, and the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche. But what a state of desolation surrounds them! The fellow in whose charge the building is left, it was evident, had no thought but of the money he might draw from the pockets of visitors; and was even almost as bad as the man at Hampton Court, who hurries and fidgets about you until he has ejected you from the palace, that he may be ready for more customers*. The Galatea is not in such good condition as the other paintings. To this scene of loveliness we often returned.

The sewers should be visited; which, although originally so large as to admit a waggon loaded with corn, are now nearly choked up.

We often traversed the ruins of Rome, and in our numerous peregrinations visited the arch of Janus and the small arch of Septimus Severus. The basso relievoes of the last are represented in the Admiranda.

* It is to be hoped that the excellent example of the British Museum will be soon followed in all our public buildings.

We occasionally seated ourselves on the walls of the ancient City, or wandered in their recesses. The temple of Minerva Medica is now a place destined to hold straw, or to burn charcoal. A part of the roof still remains. We entered the catacombs which the first Christians inhabited, and which are said to have communication as far as Ostia. They consist of damp narrow passages, with small excavations, one above the other on each side, for the dead. In the church of St. Paul we witnessed another infamous spoliation of Constantine's. The columns which form the nave of this church once adorned the mausoleum of Hadrian, which was stripped for that purpose by his order. We quitted it with disgust and regret, that so fine a monument of antiquity should be devastated for the erection of so tasteless a building. The modern churches and palaces are numerous, but a particular description of them would carry me beyond my limits, and after all would not be very interesting.

# CHAPTER X.

## MODERN ROME: EXHIBITIONS.

THE Romans—I should say—the inhabitants of modern Rome—have their exhibitions in *imitation* of the ancients. The mausoleum of Augustus is converted into a sort of amphitheatre, where, on Sunday evenings, they assemble to hear music, and see a grand display of fire-works, which often finishes by the ascension of a fire-balloon. On other days twice or thrice a week, bulls are baited by dogs and men. This, however, is a very harmless sport, for neither men, bulls, nor dogs, exhibit much courage, each being afraid of the other, and glad to escape at the first opportunity. The line of Virgil, "*Furor arma ministrat*," could not be applied to them.

While we were in Rome there were no theatres open; but we were more than compensated by the conversaziones and

private concerts. Both ladies and gentlemen sing with great taste and execution, and many of their comic songs are inimitable. With the Marquis Canova's study we were much pleased.

Soon after our arrival at Rome, there was a violent thunder storm, certainly of a more terrific nature than any we recollected to have witnessed. There had been no rain in the city for some months; and what fell then rendered our excursions much more pleasant, for, in this ruinous country, in dry weather the wheels of the carriage are often half buried in dust. Wandering about the streets of Rome, was particularly interesting, from the remnants of antiquity which continually arrested our attention, besides the obelisks, palaces, splendidly decorated churches, and fountains, which are numerous. Some of the last are grand, and rivers of water flow through them into the city for the supply of its inhabitants. The fountain of Trevi and that on Mount Janiculum are the largest. The Pope's summer residence on the Quirinal hill is extensive; from its gardens there is a good view of Rome. Here the Pope's

guards are seen in a most ludicrous costume. While we were enjoying their comic appearance, the Pope arrived from his evening's ride. He is a venerable old man, borne down by sickness and the infirmities of age, and described to be a most exemplary character. The custom of salutation was new to us. As the carriage passed, the people knelt down upon one knee, their hats off, their bodies bent forward, and their heads inclined towards the ground. He gently bowed his head in passing, giving us a beneficent smile. The saluting of strangers in Rome is very general among the clergy.

In the centre of the space on one side of the palace are placed the celebrated colossal horses and figures, called Castor and Pollux, executed by Phidias and Praxiteles, and brought from Alexandria by Constantine. Between them is an Egyptian obelisk; and the place is aptly denominated Monte Cavallo. From the Piazza d'Espagna, which occupies the scite of the Naumachia of Domitian, ascends a magnificent stair-case, surmounted by an obelisk and a church. This leads to the Pin-

cean hill, which has been laid out with much taste by the French; and from the beauty of its situation and commanding view of Rome, has become the most favourite promenade. Descending, we entered the Piazza del Populo, in the middle of which is an obelisk first raised in Hieropolis, by Sesostris, king of Egypt, and brought from thence by Augustus. It is of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, and seventy-four feet high without the pedestal: at the base is a fountain. The three principal streets of Rome meet at this place, and are divided by the façades of two churches, which from their similarity are called the Sisters. The centre one, Il Corso, is the principal. It is adorned with palaces and churches on each side, running on the ancient Flaminian way and terminating at the foot of the Capitol. This is the usual drive for the carriages after four o'clock in the afternoon; but what pleasure they can have in parading a narrow dark street, I have yet to discover. There are several celebrated houses in this street for ices, &c. one in particular occupying the lower part of a

palace. The suite of rooms is elegantly embellished with paintings, &c. Some of them are devoted to billiards; and the remainder, as well as the gardens attached to the house, are arranged for refreshments. Here the carriages stop, and the ladies have their ices handed to them. The Piazza Navona, the largest square in Rome, is another place for assembling: it was anciently the Circus Agonalia, where festivals were celebrated in honour of Janus, instituted by Numa. This place is inundated on summer evenings with water, forming a sort of lake, where the inhabitants crowd in their carriages, driving through the water, and enjoying the refreshing coolness which is thus produced. Very few persons are seen in the streets between two and four o'clock; the inhabitants then retire to rest, to avoid the heat of the day. It is a common saying in Italy, and I have also understood it to be the same in Greece and the Ionian islands, that during that period of the day, none but Englishmen and dogs are seen out. It was truly ridiculous to see the disturbance that was created by our sometimes

entering the shops to make purchases between those hours.

There are several bridges over the Tiber. At the foot of Mount Aventine are the remains of a stone bridge, built in the place of the wooden one, celebrated from its noble defence by Horatius Cocles. It was the first one thrown over the Tiber.

One of the most curious parts of the modern city is that quarter inhabited by the Jews, to which they are strictly confined, the gates being closed upon them every night. They are said to be the descendants of those who were brought prisoners by Titus from Jerusalem, and had this portion of the city assigned to them. Their numbers increasing, and their limits not being enlarged, makes the place crowded to excess; and it is dirty beyond description. Rome and its inhabitants are worse in this respect than any Italian city we had yet visited. Of the hotels we have very bad accounts by travellers; and in our private apartments we did not escape annoyance. The principal fault seems to be, besides a want of care in their own persons, a neglect, in their houses, of the

use of water: I believe it to be seldom or never employed. When we know this fact, and consider the heat of the climate, a very natural conclusion may be drawn, that no place is free from vermin. There is one species, the dread of all travellers, known under the name of the Roman flea. It is very small, but a most persevering and inveterate little animal. We soon experienced the effects of its venom; our faces, necks, and hands, in one night, being covered with blotches of so irritating a nature, that we were ready to tear the skin from our flesh: this pain lasts for days, and the marks remain for months.

The greatest toleration in religion appears to prevail in Rome; and we were permitted to enter their churches at all times, without being expected to conform to any ceremony, farther than that becoming demeanour suitable to all places dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being. One thing may be observed with respect to St. Peter's and the other churches in Italy, that they are open at all reasonable times, either for devotion or to satisfy laudable curiosity: not like St. Paul's in

London, where we can seldom get farther into the door than to see the nose of the porter, without paying for what should be open to all.*

The Pope being at this time so unwell, that it was uncertain when he would appoint a day to receive the English, who were waiting to be presented to him; our friends thought it probable we might visit Naples before it took place. Having partly satisfied our curiosity at Rome, we began therefore to think of our departure. The accounts of the state of the road were so bad, that it was difficult to determine which would be the safest mode of travelling. Few passed without being robbed, and many were murdered. To travel in security without an escort of cavalry was impossible; and the reader will have some idea of the state of things in these parts, when I relate what was declared to us by

* This is greatly to be lamented, as thousands are deprived of a sight of those monuments, which are, in reality, the people's property, having been raised at their expense. The artists, likewise, are robbed of the celebrity due to them by this system of extorting money.

a person high in authority at Rome, that the soldiers hired by individuals could not be depended upon, as they would most probably lead us into danger, and then run away, or, if attacked, would join the banditti. The soldiers employed by the government to guard the conveyance of letters, having some fear of punishment before their eyes for any dereliction of their duty, and some hope of reward by faithfully executing it; we were advised to take as few things as possible, and trust ourselves with them. This we accordingly did; and, with hearts big with expectation, set off for Naples.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ROME TO NAPLES.

ENTERING now upon classic ground, what splendid recollections crowd the memory! Hardly a spot between Rome and Naples but has been dignified and ennobled by Homer and Virgil, by Horace and Ovid. With a delightful though melancholy feeling, you traverse the scenes of ancient days —the region of the poets. With what eagerness you regard every little remnant of antiquity, or even a spot of ground where formerly stood a city or a grove sacred to the muses! Minerva, Apollo, Jupiter, Diana, and the whole synod of the gods, recur to your memory with the rapidity of lightning, or stand before you arrayed in all their descriptive or imaginary glory. It is with these pleasing associations you pass along; and of which, not all the fears of banditti, of plunder, or of murder, can rob you: these are your safeguard; these are

your comfort;—you are alone!—you revel in enjoyment!—the world is nothing!

The road from Rome to Naples is the most dangerous of any in Italy, not only from the hordes of brigands which infest it, and by whom you are in danger of being attacked every moment, but also from the *mal aria* or bad air, caused by the vapours arising from the Pomptine marshes. We had heard much of the banditti, and that since the Austrian troops had left Naples, their increased audacity had already begun to show itself. Notwithstanding I knew what Cardinal Gonsalvi had said, that he would not answer for the Neapolitan government itself when these troops left; yet, considering that fear often exaggerates an evil, I must confess I thought lightly of these tales, and felt confident that a few Englishmen, with pistols in their hands, were a match for any number of brigands that could set on them. However, as I have before said, according to the advice of our friends, we neglected no precaution which they considered necessary; and we engaged places with the courier who conveys the post, and travels

under an escort of cavalry. Before we had been ten hours on our journey, we witnessed the lamentable effects of the want of an efficient government in the desperate and cold-blooded villany of these lawless bands.

The journey from Rome to Naples acquires additional interest, from having been partly described by Horace; and we read with pleasure his fifth satire in the first book, because we passed a part of the places which he describes: we took an interest in their geopraphy; we compared their actual state with his narration, as also the names they now bear with those of his time.

The ancient road to Naples was by the celebrated Appian way, made by Appius Claudius, when he was censor, in the year of Rome 442. It commenced from Rome by the Porto Capena, now called St. Sebastian, passed over the Pomptine Marshes, and extended to Capua; from whence Trajan continued it to Brindes, where he had a magnificent port, from which he embarked for Greece. This road was formed

of great blocks of stone, and decorated with magnificent tombs. It united the advantages of all the other Roman ways, so much so, that Cicero called it, "*Regina Viarum*," the Queen of the ways, and Procopius, "*Via spectatu dignissima.*"

The modern road to Naples is not entirely on the Appian way, because we go out from Rome by the port St. John, and leave it on the right to pass through Albano. By this gate also begins the Via Campania, which leads to a province of that name in the kingdom of Naples, and the Via Tusculum, which conducts you to the ancient Tusculum, a celebrated city of Latium, now called Frescati.

There are many remains of ancient monuments on the road, which appear to have been tombs. We perceived also the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct. The battle between the Horatii and Curiatii was fought about five miles from Rome, between that city and the mountains of Albano. In passing these latter, there are deep holes and caverns on each side the road, which, by being associated with the

idea of banditti, gave it a gloomy character. The trees are stunted in their growth.

Albano has been substituted for the ancient city of Alba Longa, built by Ascanius, the son of Æneas, between the mountains and the lake, four hundred years before the foundation of Rome. Before entering the city, they show you on the left, an ancient tomb stripped of its ornaments, which is called the Sepulchre of Ascanius. Near Albano, on the road to Aricia, is seen a mausoleum, called by many the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii; but others consider it to be that of Pompey the Great, who had a country-house in these environs. About a mile from Albano, is Castel Gondolfo, a small village. It was near there that Milo, going to Lanuvium, the place of his birth, was attacked by Clodius, who was killed in the contest. It was made the subject of a fine harangue by Cicero. Here also is the Lake of Albano, which was the crater of a volcano, and is eight miles in circumference. The canal from this lake is one of the most ancient and singular works of the Romans.

It is a vent, or estuary, by which the waters of the lake are carried beyond the mount. It was made three hundred and ninety-three years before the Christian æra; and the occasion of it was, there being a great increase of water at the time the Romans were carrying on the famous siege of Veii, Rome sent deputies to Delphos to consult the oracle of Apollo, which replied that the Romans could not subjugate the Veians until they had given an efflux to the lake of Albano. From this they began to pierce the mountain; so that, at the end of a year, they had made a canal a mile long, three feet and a half wide, and six feet high. This work, cut through the rock with blows of the hammer and chisel, cost immense sums. It was made with so much solidity, that it is still used, without ever having had any reparation.

Gensano is agreeably situated near the lake of Nemi. Here is a house of Carlo Maratti: on the walls are some of his designs. On the other side of the lake, a little farther on, is Nemi, celebrated for its wines and the salubrity of its air. The

latter is chiefly produced by the lake which is in front of it, and which was called by the ancients the mirror of Diana, because the poets feigned that that goddess, having a temple there, viewed herself from it in the water. According to Strabo, there was a wood consecrated to Diana, which, with the temple, was so frequented by the Latins, as to be the origin of this city. About three miles from here, to the right, is a chateau called Civita Lavinia, which preserves the name of the ancient city built by Æneas in honour of Lavinia his wife, and daughter of King Latinus. This city was afterwards the country of Antoninus the Pious and of Milo. The two celebrated pictures spoken of by Pliny, of Atalanta and of Helena, were in this city. Still farther to the right, about halfway towards the ancient Antium, Corioli was situated, famed by the exploits of Caius Marcius Coriolanus, and immortalized by our Shakespeare.

All these places are now little villages; but having read the Roman history and the seventh book of Virgil's Æneid, we cannot but regard them with the most

lively interest, as they recall to our memory that this was the scene of the events there related, and of the glorious actions of numbers of heroes.

Velletri was an ancient city of the Volscians, and where the family of Augustus took its origin. Octavius had a magnificent house here; also the emperors Tiberius, Nerva, Caligula, and Otho. It is at present rendered famous by the residence of Barbone the robber. The village of Cisterna, antiquarians tell us, is the same which St. Paul calls, in the Acts of the Apostles, "Tres Tabernæ."

We now entered upon the most dangerous part of the road: the ground between here and Torre del Tre Ponti the brigands seem to have chosen for the scene of their principal exploits. When about half way, we beheld a sight shocking to humanity, and disgraceful to the government in whose territory it occurred. Strewed in our path, and stretched in the arms of death, lay a traveller, the victim of assassination. His horse, likewise, lay dead by his side. So effectually had the villains taken aim, that both appeared to have fallen instanta-

neously. Systematic in their blood-thirsty designs, a square ravine, or ditch, dug on one side, and at right angles with the road, was so formed, that they could secrete themselves without the chance of being discovered even on the brightest moonlight night, and from thence take sure aim at their unfortunate victim. If any one is way-laid in such a place as this, it appears almost an impossibility for him to escape; for, if the first shot should miss, another from the next angle is certain of taking effect. It will hardly be believed, that such was the culpable negligence and inattention of the papal government to the safety of the people, that when we repassed, a fortnight afterwards, this ravine, dug by assassins for the express purpose of robbery and murder, had never been filled up, but was left in all its terrors, to be again used for the same fell purpose. Lamentably indeed must the people of Italy feel this change. They say, that when the French possessed the supreme power, assassination was unknown, and robbery was almost exterminated. The towns-people could sleep

in their beds in safety; the poor people were not sunk into extreme misery, nor driven to desperation by excessive taxation and the monopolization of the necessaries of life. The French exactions were devoted to the improvement of the country, of the state of society, and were amply repaid in the protection given to the people. The present governments plunder the people, without the power of restraining the licentious, and, as it would appear, even without the disposition. We afterwards understood that this poor man who was murdered had accompanied an Austrian courier, who neglected to take an escort. He, however, fortunately escaped by turning his horse quickly round and galloping onwards to Torre del Tre Ponti. It took place about three hours before we passed.

Unfortunately this was not the only murder of that night. Another person was stopped near the same place and dragged into the marshes; the particulars of which we learned at Torre del Tre Ponti. This man was known to have received a sum of money, but which he had

left at home in the care of his wife. The brigands, finding he had not the money with him, obliged him to write a letter to his wife, desiring her to give the bearer a specified sum. This was conveyed by one of the gang, while the man remained as a hostage in the hands of the banditti. The wife, eager to save the life of her husband, delivered all as desired, and waited in fearful anxiety his return. The robber in going back to his companions was questioned by the guard, seized, searched, and sent to prison. Meantime the brigands, becoming impatient at the prolonged stay of their comrade, and suspecting they were betrayed, in revenge shot the poor man who was left in their power. His body was soon after discovered.

This was an occasion that the guards and postilions would not let slip to make exactions on the fears of those they conducted: the soldiers represented to us how happy we were under their escort, and the others urging how well they drove. But, having already paid enormously for the accommodation, we resisted their de-

mands, still looking upon our pistols as our best protection.

At Torre del Tre Ponti begin the Pomptine marshes, extending over a space of twenty-four miles in length, and from six to twelve miles broad. The name Pomptina Palus comes from Pometium, which was a populous and considerable city before the foundation of Rome.

The Lacedemonians are said to have established themselves on this side, and to have built a temple to the goddess Feronia, who presided over the productions of the earth. This country became afterwards so populous, that, according to the testimony of Pliny, there were twenty-three cities, besides a great number of country-houses, so considerable, that the names of some of them have been transmitted to the present day. Homer and Virgil describe the residence of Circe as an island; and it is supposed that the sea, extending to here, surrounded it.

To give a date to the origin of these marshes is difficult. They are caused by the waters which descend from the moun-

tains; and there not being sufficient declivity to carry them into the sea, they form swamps, and produce exhalations so unwholesome, as to infect the air, and to have influence even as far as Rome.

From Appius Claudius to the present day it has been the endeavour of various consuls, emperors, and popes to destroy or remedy their effect. Cæsar conceived the mighty project of turning the Tiber from its course to Ostia, and carrying it to Terracina; thus improving the commerce of Rome, facilitating the access to it, forming a drain for the marshes, and, by this expedient, rendering the country more fit for cultivation. Death prevented the execution. "Thus it is that enterprises of great pith and moment their currents turn awry and lose the name of action." From Cæsar's idea, Augustus took that of draining the land, and caused many canals to be formed in different directions, which carried the waters to the sea. Trajan paved the way which traversed the Pomptine marshes, and built bridges and houses. Sixtus the Fifth, in 1585, endeavoured to purify the air and augment the fertility of

the Roman state. He formed a new canal; and, profiting by those already made by Appius Claudius, Augustus, and Trajan, he reassembled a great part of the dispersed waters, and discharged them into the sea at the foot of Monte Circello. Pius the Sixth completed it. He gathered all the waters into a canal contiguous to the Appian way, which marked their ancient direction, and drove them into the sea at Torre di Madino. The country is now fertile, the air is more pure, and the Appian way, which was under water, is re-established. There is now an even and direct road, twenty-five miles in length. It is called the Linea Pia.

At the extremity of the north-western cape of the Pomptine marshes, and at the mouth of the river Astura, is a tower of the same name, and a little port where Cicero embarked to go to his country-house at Formio the day he was assassinated. Eight miles from thence is the ancient Antium. Magnificent temples of Fortune, of Venus Aphroditus, and of Esculapius, adorned that city. Many statues have been found there; and among them were the Apollo

Belvidere, and the Gladiator, which now adorn the Vatican.

At the south-western cape is Monte Circello, or the cape of the famous Circe. It is a peninsula formed by an elevated rock, on which was the palace of the Daughter of the Sun. There, also, were those formidable prisons where Homer says the companions of Ulysses were confined after their metamorphoses, but where they passed afterwards a year of delight.

Terracina, situated on the sea-shore, is the last city of the Roman state. It was an ancient city of the Volscians, called Anxur. There are many remains of antiquity. The ancient Anxur was on the summit of the rock from whence Jupiter Anxurus drew his name, as mentioned by Virgil. The substructions of his temple still remain. Horace describes the city thus,

—" then after dinner creep
Three tedious miles, and climb the rocky steep
Where Anxur shines."

SATIRE V. Book I.

The views are picturesque. The port of Terracina was once considerable; and through here passed the Appian way.

Here the Douaniers of the Roman state take leave of travellers by making an exorbitant charge for *not* looking at their luggage. Having only a *sac de nuit*, we refused to pay any thing, and passed on without further molestation. On going out of Terracina, we saw chambers cut in the rock, and inhabited by the *corps de garde*. We drove along the coast; and a few miles further is the tower of the confines which divides the kingdom of Naples from the states of Rome. We still passed on the Appian way for some miles, in many places shaded with trees which defended us from the heat of the sun. So genial is this climate, that at Christmas the narcissus and every other species of flower are in abundance. Near Fondi is a grotto, where, according to Tacitus, Sejanus saved the life of Tiberius.

The Appian way forms the principal street of Fondi. The wines of that city were celebrated by the ancients. At Fondi the

Neapolitan Douaniers lay wait for you. Previously to our leaving Rome, in consequence of the great probability of our being attacked and robbed, our friends there advised us not to take any thing valuable, and, indeed, as few things as possible; accordingly one *sac de nuit* comprised all our luggage. The coach was instantly surrounded by these harpies, and as quickly emptied. Hearing a great noise, and advancing to the crowd, they demanded where our luggage was; and, on pointing to the bag which contained our all, it was really laughable to see their shrugs and their countenances, and to hear their exclamations. Disappointed in their hopes of extortion, and which I understood from several travellers they were in the habit of indulging with impunity, they could hardly believe what they saw. Besides the usual signatures to the passports, it is necessary to have a bill of health to and from Naples, or you will suffer the inconvenience of being arrested. One gentleman we saw who had been detained there four days, and was obliged to pay most exorbitantly for permission to walk about;

otherwise he would have been confined in a dungeon.

Itri is the next post. The inhabitants appear in the utmost misery, and in the midst of the most squalid filth. We thought that at Rome uncleanliness was at its height, but it increased as we approached Naples. Advancing towards Mola di Gaieta, we passed an ancient tower, said to be the tomb of Cicero, erected by his freedmen on the spot where he was supposed to have been killed. Near here, towards the sea, is a fountain, believed to be that of Artacia, where, according to Homer, Ulysses met with the daughter of the king of the Lestrigons.

> "She to Artacia's silver streams came down."
>
> ODYSSEY, Book X.

Mola di Gaieta is built on the ruins of the ancient Formiæ, a city of the Lestrigons spoken of by Ovid in his fourteenth book of Metamorphoses. It was celebrated by the ancients for the beauty of its situation. Horace ranks its wines with those of Falernia. It was destroyed by

the Saracens. The women here have been described as habiting themselves with much taste; and there certainly is a style of elegance in their dress which would be very pleasing—but what is taste without cleanliness? I dare say no more. Between Mola and Gaieta are the ruins of Cicero's country-house, called Formianum, and near which others say he was assassinated when he endeavoured to conceal himself from the fury of Marc Antony. Gajeta stands on a projecting point in the sea, from whence we had a fine view of Ischia, Naples, and Vesuvius. It is very ancient, and supposed to be founded by Æneas in honour of Gajeta, his nurse, who died there. *Vide* Virgil's seventh book of the Æneid.

"And thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Gajeta still the place is called from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains:
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains."

On the top of the hill of Gaieta is a tower, vulgarly called the Tower of Rolando,

which is the most remarkable monument of this city. According to the inscription on the door, it was the mausoleum of Lucius Munatius Plaucus, the founder of Lyons. It was he who persuaded Octavius to take the name of Augustus in preference to that of Romulus, which his flatterers wished to give him as the restorer of the city of Rome. There is another tower, called Latratina, which is round, and almost similar to the former. It is said to have been a temple of Mercury. Its oracles were delivered from the head of a dog. Gaieta is the best fortress of the kingdom of Naples.

There is a rock near, which, according to tradition, divided itself into three, in honour of the Trinity, on the day of the death of Christ.

We passed the Carigliano by a bridge of boats, and there we quitted the Appian way, which coasts the sea to the mouth of the Volturno. The marshes formed by the Carigliano in its environs, and called anciently Minturnum, recalled to our minds the deplorable condition of Caius Marius. This proud and ambitious

Roman, so often victorious, and seven times consul, at the age of seventy, being proscribed, was obliged to immerse himself up to the neck in this muddy water, to hide himself from the pursuit of the satellites of Sylla. There he remained a whole night; but, being discovered, he delivered himself to them with intrepidity, and made them tremble with his menacing look and air. He is described as a man of gigantic size, extraordinary strength, and undaunted bravery. His manners were rude and his countenance frightful.

We passed the mountain of Falernia, so renowned for its wines. The Falernian territory was the scene of the manœuvres between Fabius and Hannibal, and where the latter practised his celebrated stratagem. Near here, also, was the defile where the Romans suffered a signal disgrace, some time before, in their contest with the Samnites.

The scenery improved and became luxuriant as we approached Naples. Ancient Capua was situated a little differently from the modern city. Strabo says that Capua

was built by the Tyrrhenians, who were chased from the Po by the Gauls five hundred and twenty-four years before the Christian æra. Others say that it existed three hundred years before that date, and that it had been founded by Capuis, one of the companions of Æneas. Strabo says that the name of Capua comes from *caput*, because it was one of the capitals of the world, enumerating it with Rome and Carthage. The Tyrrhenians were driven out by the Samnites, and they by the Romans. It was celebrated for its agreeable situation, being in a fertile plain in Campania, of which it was the capital; and Cicero called it the finest dependency of the Roman people. Hannibal, to draw the city to his side, promised its inhabitants to make it the capital of Italy. The Romans cruelly revenged themselves. Having taken the city, after a long siege, they made the people slaves, sold them by auction, and, beating the senators with rods, decapitated them. Genseric, king of the Vandals, accomplished the destruction of Capua; and there now remains only the name, which

is given to a new city. In the environs of Capua are several villages, whose appellations indicate their ancient origin.

The distance from Capua to Naples is fifteen miles. Aversa, anciently called Atilla, was a residence of the Romans, as much celebrated by the witticisms of its inhabitants as by the obscene spectacles and debaucheries it exhibited. The country around, and all the way from here to Naples, is luxurious. We already began to hear the noise for which that city is famous, and which forms its characteristic distinction from all others. At first it is a confused murmur; it augments insensibly as you advance, until it breaks on your ear, "confusion worse confounded." Those who have witnessed that delectable treat, Bartholomew fair, in all its glory, may have some idea of the streets of Naples from the dawn to sun-set.

## CHAPTER XII.

### NAPLES.

I ALWAYS feel somewhat disappointed on entering every celebrated city; for I generally find that the reality is seldom equal to the expectations excited by the descriptions of it. At the same time, Naples is a fine city; but when I see people immersed in so much dirt and filth, and who have, altogether, so wretched an appearance, it is difficult to reconcile it with the splendid palaces around.

A partial observer might say that Naples was a truly jovial place; all seems mirth and uproar: lords and lazaroni, ladies and demireps, improvisatores, pickpockets, and punch, all jumbled together in an heterogeneous mass. The rattling of coaches, the bawling of coachmen, the various cries of the various trades, of basket-makers and knife-grinders, of sellers of lemonade, fruit, brooms, &c. conveyed in the highest

key of the voice, assail the traveller from all quarters, and stun his ears. It is all confusion; and there is equal danger of being run over, jostled in a crowd, or tumbled into a stall of fruit, fish, or vegetables; driven first on one side of the way, then on the other; steering through crowds of baskets, stalls, &c. of different professions; pestered with importunate beggars, or by the Lazaroni, who continually offer their services. One person insists upon cleaning your shoes; another pulls you by the coat, and, showing some fruit, exclaims, "*Oh, che bella cosa!*" while a third thrusts some article of sale into your hand. The carts being drawn by cattle, we occasionally found a bull's horn under our arms, or thrust into our sides. This is but a slight picture of the streets of Naples; where thousands of persons are pursuing a thousand different objects; where the human voice divine approaches to absolute shrieking; and where the noise and confusion are so great, that we are inclined to say "Chaos is come again." All this, with the good-humour that exists, would incline a spec-

tator to imagine that the utmost happiness and liberty prevailed. But when we contrast the splendid habiliments of the rich and the wretched nakedness of those who serve them, the magnificent palaces of the court, and the stony bed, covered only by the canopy of heaven, of the poor; and to this add the filth, the nastiness, the vermin, by which every thing and every person almost is covered, our desire is to fly from such an accumulation of misery and uncleanliness, and to bury ourselves in the woods or deserts; for, if this be society, it is the greatest curse that can be bestowed upon us.

Innumerable carriages are seen with ladies, officers, and others, in fine attire: whilst the man who drives them has little or no covering, and the boy who mounts behind is absolutely in rags; his motions indicating pretty clearly, that there are many more animals carried on the voiture than are apparent to the eye. The fruit, though delicious to the sight, we hardly dared to purchase, from the filthy appearance of the venders. In fact, from morning till night, in the shops, at the windows,

and in the streets, all leisure moments are filled up by the pleasing task of extracting from each other the vermin with which they abound.

Want of cleanliness, and of the frequent use of water, is the general reproach of Italy; but at Naples it seems to have reached its climax. I have before spoken of the Roman flea; but here we have them of all sizes and all shapes; Swammerdam, the Dutch entomologist, would have been delighted with such various and inexhaustible stores for his research. The best houses are not free from them. At the Hotel Crocelli, Strada St. Lucia, one of the first, we inhabited apartments sufficiently clean to the eye, but we were obliged to strew our beds with essence of lavender to escape annoyance; and, even with frequent washing, bathing, and changing of linen, could not keep ourselves free from these tormenting vermin. Such is the present state of Naples; glorious in its climate, surrounded by all the luxuries of nature, adorned with some of the finest specimens of art, but with a degraded, though lively and good-humoured population.

The exquisite beauty of the sculpture and loveliness of the scenery, are sadly contrasted with the thoughtlessness, the frivolity, the filth, and nastiness of the inhabitants. Here, indeed, we may say, is Nature's garden; and a person who could divest himself of all sympathy for the distresses of others, and all regard for cleanliness, might live here a life of the most selfish happines.

However, in observing more closely, there is a source from which these and all other popular evils spring. It is the bad government. The most convincing proof of this is the number of troops in the city. Soldiers stare you in the face at every corner; and, although gifted with almost unlimited power, yet I understand when wanted, they cannot be depended on. I have seen a soldier draw his sword and strike a man several times, who, by accident in passing, put his hat on one side. I have seen soldiers strike, and repeatedly slap the face of some young men who were passing, for some supposed offence, and without their daring to retaliate. This seems to be allowed, as likewise picking

of pockets, which is done with a most barefaced impunity. Indeed, anarchy seems to be the order of the day in the Neapolitan dominions. The want of power in, or the corruption of, the government, will be sufficiently known when I relate two facts; that the revenue of Naples is thirty millions of ducats, and only eighteen millions come into the treasury; and that the country is thronged with lawless bands, to the chief of one of which the king allows about two hundred pounds a year to keep a road clear in Calabria. I may add the following extract from the Naples Gazette: "We are happy to find that the brigand chiefs are coming to the terms of government, and beginning to clear the roads of their companions." Such is the government of Naples; and, indeed, most of those of Italy.

The king appears to be a heavy slovenly sort of man; and the best thing I observed of him was, that he rode about without fear, or any ridiculous pomp and show. He is often seen in an open calash with only one attendant. In this he has all the appearance of the king of a

free nation, who would think it his greatest pride to be ranked as its first citizen. He is said to be very good-natured; and although he borrows his subjects' money without scruple, and never gives any thing in return but his bill, yet he passes through the streets without annoyance, either by acclamation or censure. His lady has a bad name, as it is said she causes much of the misery by a monopoly of the corn; but these reports of individuals are generally erroneous, the main fault being in the want of an efficient government.

Naples has always been distinguished as a place of pleasure; and, indeed, from the loveliness of the climate and fertility of the surrounding country, it may well be termed the seat of luxury.

The origin of this city is involved in fable. Its foundation has been attributed to one of the Argonauts; to Parthenope, one of the Sirens celebrated by Homer in his Odyssey; to Hercules; to Æneas; and to Ulysses; but it was most probably founded by a Greek colony, as its name Neapolis indicates, the same as Paleopolis, a city that was contiguous. Besides, the reli-

gion, manners, language, and customs of the Greeks, which they preserved for a long time, sufficiently indicated the country of its first inhabitants. The more ancient and powerful city of Cumæ destroyed, and afterwards rebuilt this city, by the order of the oracle, when it was again called the New City, which name it has since preserved. It gradually grew into power, braved the threats of Hannibal, by which it gained the constant friendship of the Romans, who made it their summer retreat, and where the most wealthy and distinguished of them established themselves. Under the emperors it became a Roman colony. Augustus, Hadrian, and Constantine embellished it; and it was regarded as one of the most distinguished cities of the empire.

Its power made it respected by the barbarian chiefs, Alaric and Genseric, in their irruptions into Italy. Belisarius besieged and took it by stratagem, massacring the inhabitants. After suffering the various vicissitudes common to all the cities of Italy in their intestine broils, it became subject to the king of Spain. At last, Napoleon

the Great, late emperor of France and king of Italy, conquered the kingdom of Naples, and gave it to his brother Joseph: Joachim Murat, a lover of science and of the Fine Arts, succeeded him. He is described as having governed the people with wisdom, who, in return, loved him extremely. He was occupied incessantly in rendering his subjects more happy, and he is never spoken of but with regret. Naples is indebted to him for many improvements.

It has, however, little to boast of but its climate. There are no ancient buildings, and the modern ones do not exhibit much taste. In the Studio, which should be a principal object to every traveller, are seen the Hercules of Glycon, commonly called the Farnese Hercules, which formerly adorned the palace of that name at Rome; the Venus viewing herself in the glass; and the Flora Farnese. There are many statues of gladiators, one particularly fine; also the two equestrian statues in bronze, of Marcus Nonius Balbus, father and son, which were found at each end of the orchestra in Herculaneum, and many others of the same metal dug from the ruins of

that city and Pompeii. There were also some few pictures; but the principal part had not been unpacked since their arrival from Palermo. The best of those we saw were by Raffaelle, a dead Christ by Annibal Carrachi, two fine heads by Rembrandt, and a Danae by Titian. There were models likewise, of the temples of Pæstum, and of the theatre in Herculaneum. There is in this building a school of design, whose walls are adorned with the cartoons of the history of Cupid and Psyche, by Raffaelle, the fresco paintings of which are in the Farnesiana Villa at Rome. The colossal statue of Buonaparte, by Canova, is also publicly shown, with another of Murat on horseback. In the cathedral are many paintings by Luca Giordano.

There are three statues, of which the Neapolitans boast much; they are seen in the chapel of San Severo; but those persons who have been in the habit of studying the lovely statues of the Greeks, who knew so well how to clothe the human figure without concealing the form, will

regard these only as curiosities in art. They have that sort of merit which will attract the ignorant, who are pleased with minute excellencies; but taste and simplicity they have none. The man enclosed in a net, displays great patience and nicety in the management of the chisel. The figure of Modesty, covered with a veil, exhibits an affectation of it, without its essence; and the recumbent figure of Christ is a poor conceit, without a particle of feeling or pathos, having neither the character, nor giving one the least idea of that sublime being.

The king's garden is delightfully situated by the side of the sea, adorned with statues, in the midst of which is the fine groupe of the Tauro Farnese. The subject is a grand but cruel example of filial affection. Zethus and Amphion, sons of Lycus, king of Thebes, wishing to be revenged on Dirce, by whose arts the king had imprisoned Antiope their mother, seized and tied her to the horns of a wild bull. According to Pliny, it was sculptured by Apollonius and Tauriscus,

upon a single block of marble, ten feet square in the base, and thirteen feet high.

I have already given some idea of the principal streets, more particularly the Strada Toledo; but there is another place worthy of description, from its various and singular exhibitions. On the Boulevards in Paris are seen jugglers, grimaciers, and mountebanks, with all their attendant drolleries: in Venice plays are performed on temporary stages erected in a few hours, in the square of St. Mark's; but in Naples there is an amusement, which I believe to be peculiar to that city; I mean the story-tellers, or, as they are called, the Improvisatore. These men are seen surrounded by audiences of the lower classes. They have a square space railed in, with a few planks for seats, Some sit, others stand, and numbers lie on the ground; but all evince a profound attention worthy of imitation in superior auditories. One man relates stories of his own invention, at times convulsing his hearers with laughter, and at others drawing the tears of sensibility from their eyes. Farther on, is one who recites from Ariosto, Tasso, or other Ita-

lian poets; and often, after reading a passage, he puts the book under his arm, and proceeds to an explanation with very appropriate action and gesture. The voice and manner of the Improvisatore, the interest excited in the audience, every one appearing fearful of breathing lest they should lose a part or interrupt the story, the beautiful groupes in which they are accidentally ranged, their being but half clothed, displaying all the varieties of the human form, combine to make it a most interesting sight to a stranger. These seem to be the only places in Naples where the least order prevails. Punch is likewise exhibited on the quay; but although this species of entertainment originated in Italy, I did not like it so well as what I have seen in London.

The principal theatre in Naples is that of San Carlo. It is said to be the largest and most magnificent in Europe. In my opinion it is tawdry. When we visit a theatre we go to enjoy the scene, and not the gilding and decorations of the audience part; consequently I should say that all such are superfluous, and tend to de-

stroy the effect on the stage. We go to a theatre to give ourselves up to an illusion in the scene before us; therefore any thing that attracts the eye from the stage, takes so much away from the pleasure we hoped to enjoy.*

It is probably the absence of these decorations in the French theatres that contributes so much to our enjoyment of their theatrical representations. The superiority of the Italian and French theatres in their mode of lighting to that of ours, must be acknowledged by all who see them. Their light, emanating from the centre, throws every object into a fine breadth of light and shadow, and produces distinction, har-

* I suppose that there are not many persons animated by the same feelings which a worthy man displayed at Covent Garden theatre one night. A friend of mine, who sat next to him, observed, that when the greatest part of the audience was in tears, he was very deliberately sucking an orange. At the end of the play, my friend asked him how he liked the performance, when he acknowledged it was very fine. He then complimented him on the philosophy he had shown, when few could refrain from tears, in so well suppressing his feelings. 'Oh,' replied the man, 'there is nothing in that; for, in the first place, I know it is not true; and if it were, what is it to me?'

mony, and repose; while the effect in the English theatres, is frittered away by the dispersion of the lights in all parts; and the stage, which ought to be the best illumined, is almost lost.

We were much disappointed in the performance, and more particularly so in a country where we expected so much. The singing was not above mediocrity, and the noise and chattering of the audience was abominable. To the opera succeeded the redoubtable Blue Beard, quite in Astley's or Harris's taste, with horses, &c. and our ears were regaled in this land of music with the scientific air of *Tink a Tink.* No wonder the Neapolitans are wearied and pay little or no attention to the performance, when we find the same things repeated for sixty successive nights.

In various parts of Naples we were assailed by the Vetturini, offering to convey us to Rome, Milan, Paris; and then, perceiving we were Englishmen, to London. At the coffee-houses every luxury can be commanded: the ices, which are delicious, are served up in various shapes of fruit, and so firm, that the spoon will hardly make

an impression on them. But how is it possible to enjoy these, when the doors are beset with crowds of miserable beings, men, women, and children, whose moans and pitiable plaints ring in our ears. To feed on luxuries when surrounded by misery is impossible. Once we endeavoured to distribute a certain sum among about thirty of these wretched creatures, when they became so clamorous and importunate, many who had already received shifting their places, that it was out of our power to make any distinction. Before we had half done, hundreds came running from the surrounding houses; and, attempting to make our way out by another door, we were again assailed, and were only indebted to our speed in running for our escape.

The men of the lower classes wear neither shoes nor stockings, and some are without shirts; the children have merely a short tunic, but the women are in general more clothed. The latter never think of cutting their hair, which is disgustingly profuse, frizzed out on all sides;

and one head will present all the different shades from the lightest to the darkest brown. The higher classes are very gay in their habiliments; but the Neapolitan women are universally ugly, having somewhat of the Egyptian character, thick lips, heavy eyelids, flat foreheads, and sallow complexions.

Although the Neapolitans have a luxuriant sea before them, and a shore of the softest sand, they never enter in it; and the few that are seen bathing near the King's garden, are generally English. In walking along the streets of an evening, there may be seen, under the porticos of palaces, at the gates of churches, on the steps of houses and terraces, and by the sides of streets, crowds of Lazaroni sunk in slumber, those being their usual places of rest.

On the evening after our return from Vesuvius we took tea in the balcony of our window, which overlooked the sea. The sun was just setting; there was a most glorious sky, scenes of misery vanished from our minds, and we gave ourselves up

to the enjoyment of the scene around. The deliciousness of the climate, the fertility of the earth, producing excellent corn in abundance, and quantities of the finest fruits and vegetables, the grandeur of the bay, and the magnificence of the scenery, caused that degree of inspiration which renders us above ourselves; and when night had fallen, what a time for reflection! The balcony of my window commanded the whole bay; and from the bay, the Mediterranean spread itself to the horizon. On the left rose Vesuvius, with its burning top, to the clouds; on the right were the grotto and mountain of Posilipo; and beyond that, poetic ground, with all its pleasing associations. Above, the moon was shining in splendour with its borrowed light, in a pure atmospheric region; and the more distant stars, twinkling with original lustre, gave animation to the scene. Lamps lined the shore; and nothing was heard but the confused murmur of distant sounds from the busy haunts of men, the softness of which was occasionally interrupted by the barking

of the watchful dog. The rattling of a carriage announced some one, who, it was possible, might be returning filled with *ennui* from a resort of public amusement —or with mortified vanity from the precincts of a court,—or with an aching heart from domestic calamity—or with the joyfulness of a lover well received by his beloved—or with a breast wounded with the pangs of jealousy—or with a bosom callous to sensibility, from plundering the pocket of—perhaps his friend; or possibly it might be one flying to the arms of a beloved wife—or conveying agreeable news to a sincere friend—or in the buoyancy of expectation of meeting a lovely mistress. It passed swiftly by, and was no longer heard—silence prevailed —music was wafted through the air—some one serenading—or perhaps chanting to the Virgin. It died away—silence again prevailed. Mortality was sunk in sleep, while wakeful angels guard. Address thyself to thy Creator, and retire to thy couch. Who can behold the vast firmament, but must exclaim with the poet, " That there

is a God above, all nature cries aloud through all her works; he must delight in virtue; and that which he delights in must be happy."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### VESUVIUS, HERCULANEUM, AND POMPEII.

HIRING a carriage at Naples, we were quickly conveyed to Portici, which is about six miles distance. Many of these carriages are crazy vehicles, that have been a long time in the service of the public, and are generally continued so, until they drop to pieces. Ours expired with old age on its entry into Portici. On the road, one of the wheels gave way, leaving us in rather a perilous condition. But this seemed to afford no small matter of merriment to our postilion, who pointed out its state in apparent triumph to others passing by, and drove with increased velocity, that it might not tumble to pieces before the termination of our course. His aim was accomplished; but when in full gallop up the town, the wheels gave way. flying in all directions, the carriage sunk

to the ground, and we were all thrown out, escaping, however, with only a few bruises.

At length we reached, not "old Ocean's utmost bounds," but the utmost bounds of our journey. We had seen Naples, viewed the collection at Portici, descended into the damps of Herculaneum, ascended Vesuvius to its burning top, and wandered in the streets of Pompeii. Their several images crowd so on the mind, as to produce a contest, between the works of nature and art, which shall be first recorded.

It is not in the power of language to do justice to the grandeur of Vesuvius seen at the time of an eruption. The explosions of the crater, sending forth flames, smoke, and burning particles; the eruption of volcanic matter, pouring itself in a red-hot body, and descending the mountain's side; the crashing noise by which its eruptions are accompanied, are terrific,—are awful,—are sublime. We were fortunate in the time of our visit, as the mountain had begun to burn about two months before our arrival.

Taking a guide at Portici, we began at

dusk to ascend Vesuvius. As we advanced, flashes occasionally illumined the atmosphere, while sounds like distant thunder were heard. From different points we had fine views of the bay of Naples, and which, from being at night, were singularly beautiful. The land rising like an amphitheatre round it, and the lights running along the shore, extended from Portici to Posilipo. Soon after nine we arrived at the hermitage, where the good old friar John entertained us and supplied our wants. We supped on ham, bread, cheese, and fruit, and drank of the wine called Lachryma Christi. What a perversion of names! We laid ourselves down till one o'clock, not unaccompanied by our usual Italian bed-fellows, and then commenced our second ascent, the mountain, "ever and anon," bursting forth. Our progress was slow, the ascent being steep, rugged, and painful. We often slipped down knee deep in cinders, and we were obliged to use our hands as well as our feet, while every ten minutes we stopped to take breath; the air blowing alternately hot and cold.

Some time before our arrival at the foot of the crater, the guide put in our hands some ashes, which we could not retain for the heat: these were thrown out at an eruption a few years back*. As we advanced, the lava on which we trod was warm, and in the fissures we perceived it red hot, where an egg or a chicken could be quickly roasted. At the foot of the crater we sat down and refreshed ourselves with fruit and wine, brought by one of the guides. Here was a scene to contemplate. The top of the mountain was divided into two points, distinguished as the old crater and the new; the one belching forth volumes of black smoke and clouds of dust, intermixed with flames; the other presenting a constant fiery mouth, burning with the fierceness and intensity of a prodigious furnace, and from which flames incessantly issued. Its eruptions succeeded each other with only the interval of a few moments, sending up into the air quantities of burning particles, cracking

* In 1804.

and dividing, forming a most extraordinary sight, and then descending with a terrific noise, again into the crater, or rolling down the cone of cinders already formed. Enormous red hot masses came down to our feet. How contemptible did all power appear in comparison with this! Here was an object above the control of man; no one could say to it, Stop or go on; and we almost fancied we heard, in the coarse rattling noise from within, riotous laughter at the imbecility of mortals. Here a power above human was seen,—a hand divine. These are thy works, O God! How infinite thy power!

We recommenced our ascent, occasionally covered with showers of cinders, which spread themselves in every direction. Advancing towards the other side of the mountain, there was a sight beyond our expectations, in an immense fiery body, which presented itself to our wondering eyes. We thought we saw it move, yet doubted; but, being convinced, we screamed with delight. To approach it, we clambered over the rugged cliffs of lava, the sulphurous smoke at times enveloping

and almost suffocating us; the heat increasing as we advanced, became excessive: but the sight was grand. Rolling towards us with an undulating motion, one part pressing on the other, came on a vast body of red hot lava, which, dividing itself into two streams, moved down the side of the mountain majestically slow. It is impossible to describe our feelings at the sight of this wonderful phenomenon, so grand and so new. We then stood between it and the mound raised by the eruption, on some of the old lava, under which the current passed, and formed a sort of bridge over it for a few yards. On the one side was the mountain almost continually exploding, throwing high in the air, fire and red hot stones, which came down again in a golden shower*, the

* Dante's description, in the 14th canto, of one of the places of punishment, occurred to me:

"Upon the sand, a gentle fall of fire
Rain'd like the flakes of softly dropping snow.
\- - - - - -
That it the sand inflam'd: - -
\- - - - - -
They ran continually about; nor could

ground at the same time trembling with the convulsion; and, on the other side, a few yards from our feet, issued a mass of liquid fire. The heat becoming intolerable, we were obliged to move; however, we ventured to approach the burning stream, and with the assistance of a long stick, got some of the liquid fire, with which we incrusted some pieces of silver. Fatigued, we then laid ourselves down at some little distance on the lava of the first eruption, and feasted our eyes.

This eruption was trifling, in comparison with others; nor was there any actual danger in the places where we were, the explosions being in so vertical a direction, that a great portion of the particles fell again into the crater; and those which fell on the outside we were aware of before they could reach us; yet, there was certainly, as in every thing else, a possibility of danger. But I believe there are few who would not run some risk to enjoy what we saw. I had always thought that

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Their scorched hands with quickest motion quell
The fire that them on every side attack'd."

the lava issued from the mouth, the same place as the eruption; but here it came from the foot of the cone of cinders raised by the explosions.

We waited to see the sun rise. The surrounding country appeared covered with vineyards and population. The sea expanded itself before us. Pompeii, Torre del Greco, Portici, and Naples, lay beneath. With regret we took our leave; and turning to take a farewell look, we perceived the lava moving much more rapidly. Our descent was laughably ludicrous, sliding down almost on our backs, going ten yards at every step; often buried up to our middle in cinders, and at other times going on without the possibility of stopping ourselves. We came down, in fourteen minutes, a part of the mountain that took an hour and a half to ascend. Taking tea at the hermitage, and thanking our venerable host, we descended the rough road up which we had toiled the previous evening. At one place we saw five layers of lava, with a quantity of earth between each, being of the five principal eruptions.

Vesuvius is joined by two other mountains. It is supposed that the three have formed one of a greater height than Vesuvius, and that an eruption caused the division. It is of a pyramidical form, and about 3694 feet above the level of the sea. The circumference of the three mountains, at their base, is about thirty miles, and they are detached from the Apennines.

The first eruption that is recorded of Mount Vesuvius, happened the 24th of August, in the year 79, of the Christian æra, which overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. But it is supposed that there had been eruptions of greater antiquity; and which is almost proved by the volcanic matters found at a great depth in the earth, as likewise the circumstance of the streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii being paved with lava and other similar substances. The eruption of 79 was frightful. The volcano opened all at once, with a most horrible crash. During three days the sky was obscured, and the waters of the sea were repulsed far from the shore. Pliny, the naturalist, set out from Messina, where he

commanded the Roman flotilla, to examine the eruption nearer, and became a victim to it: he was suffocated at Stabia. Pliny the younger, his nephew, has left in his letters a very ample and exact description of this terrible explosion. The cinders of this eruption were thrown into Egypt and Syria. That of 472 covered all Europe with cinders; and, at Constantinople, the terror was so great, that the emperor Leo quitted the city, although seven hundred miles from Vesuvius.

It is related of the eruption in 1036, that the sides of the mountain burst open, and a torrent of fire rushed out as far as the sea. That of 1651, the third in the order of dates, was the most violent and formidable of all, and the most terrible to the sight. The 16th of December, after strong shocks of an earthquake, and black whirlwinds of smoke elevated in the form of a pine, the flank of the mountain burst, and vomited on the side of Naples a torrent of lava, which, dividing itself into seven streams, ran towards as many different places on the coast, destroying all the country-houses and villages on that side. There

came out, after this, torrents of boiling water, accompanied by the most violent earthquakes. This deluge of water inundated the country, tore up the trees, overthrew the houses, swallowed up more than five hundred persons towards Torre del Greco, drowned many others, and carried its ravages to the city of Naples, where three thousand persons perished. It lasted until the middle of January. From 1701 to 1737, there did not pass a year without the eruption of lava or smoke. Those from 1737 to 1766 were considerable; but that of the 19th of October, 1767, was most fearful. The trembling of the earth was felt at twenty miles distance. At Naples it rained sand and cinders. The course of the lava was three hundred and twenty feet wide and twenty-four feet deep. The next great eruption in 1794, destroyed a great part of Torre del Greco. They count thirty-six eruptions; but seldom a year passes without an emission of cinders, lava, or other matters, sometimes by the summit and sometimes by the sides.

To the museum at Portici, which contains many of the curiosities drawn from

Herculaneum and Pompeii, we directed our steps. Among the treasures extracted from those cities, are many beautiful paintings of birds, beasts, and fruit; some writing on the walls by the soldiers; caricatures; and a rich and well executed painting in architecture, which would make an admirable drop scene. The single figures are in general well designed, and many of the groupes are excellent.

The first thing to which they called our attention, was a strong likeness of Napoleon, which once adorned Herculaneum. Among many of the subjects painted, we particularized the death of Sophonisba, Dido abandoned by Æneas, Diana and Endymion, Polypheme sending a letter by Love to Galatea, Jove, Alcmena, and Hercules, Jupiter and Leda, Chiron and Achilles, Orestes and Pylades, the Roman matron, Bacchus and Ariadne, forming a lovely groupe, and Theseus and the Minotaur, where children are embracing his knees and kissing his feet, being full of pathos and sentiment. To these may be added — a Jove, Hercules, Io, Hermaphroditus, and a beautiful Eagle. The

whole of the paintings are in fresco, but most of them are varnished, which has brought out their colours with much brilliancy. All these once adorned the houses and theatres of the ancient Romans. There are many inscriptions and portions of architecture; some impressions in the ashes where bodies were found, sculls, and other bones; with samples of beans, barley, and different sorts of corn, all burnt by the heat of the lava, which overran the cities.

Herculaneum is now beneath the village of Portici; the descent to it is by a broad stair-case; but there is little to be seen, excepting parts of a theatre. From the fear of endangering the foundation of an ill-formed building, called the palace of Portici, they fill up as fast as they excavate, drawing the treasure forth and throwing the rubbish into the last from the next excavation. However, there is much to interest; doors are seen lying between the lava, preserving their original shape, but reduced to a cinder. In other parts are columns overturned, which oppose all further progress. The colours on the walls appear in their original lustre, and many

inscriptions inform us what has been. Two, which appeared at each end of the orchestra, on the pedestals of those equestrian statues in bronze now at Naples, I noted down :—

M·NONIO·FA·F·BALBO
PR·PRO·COS
HERCULANENSES

arlo ilio
AP·CLAUDIO·C·F·PULCHRO
cos · IMP
HERCULANENSES·POST.MORT

The extent of the orchestra is very considerable. In one of the narrow passages, there was a sight which shocked us very much at the first glance; it was a perfect impression of a man's face in the lava, the hair and every feature strongly marked. However, we quickly recollected it could not be from a living being, as, from the burning heat, it would have been instantly destroyed; but it was from one of the statues that had been thrown down in the destruction of the city: the lava passing over it, took its impression, and the statue having been removed, this remains

as a curiosity to visitors. We left this place with regret, condemning the imbecility of the Neapolitan government, which had not done more to satisfy the wishes of travellers.

The excavations in Herculaneum have been made with a greater degree of trouble than in Pompeii (independently of the narrowness of mind which conducted them), from the city being much nearer to Vesuvius than the other, and consesequently being more quickly involved in destruction by the flowing of the lava. This fluid seems to have intersected all the buildings, and covered the city to a very great height; and when in a congealed state, it is much more difficult to work through than the mere removal of the ashes which appear to have smothered Pompeii in the first instance. Among many discoveries made, was the bed of the river Sarno, on the banks of which Herculaneum was built.

Hercules is said to have been the founder of this city, on his return from Spain, where he had defeated the tyrant Geryon; and from him it derives its name. It is

supposed that the Osci first inhabited this city, a people who assisted Turnus against Æneas. From the indecent tendency of their manners, the word *obscœnum* (*quasi oscenum*) is supposed to be derived. It was successively occupied by the Etruscans, the Greeks, the Samnites, and the Romans. Under the last it became rich, and was one of the principal cities of Campania, when it was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79. It was so far forgotten, that the scite of it was disputed, when it was accidentally discovered in 1713, by a man digging a well. The treasures that have been since drawn from it, have been spread over Europe, carrying its fame along with them.

On our descent from Vesuvius we proceeded to Pompeii. Our horses were miserable; and the dust on the road was so deep, that it was with great difficulty they could draw the carriage along. Pompeii is about eight miles from Portici. In advancing to it, we passed through Torre del Greco, which is partly in ruins from a late eruption.

We alighted, and were at once intro-

duced into what appeared a fairy city, whose inhabitants, by some charm, had disappeared. With breathless impatience and light steps, as if fearful of disturbing the genii of the place, we tripped over the ground, peeping into their chambers, temples, and theatres; at times admiring the beauty of the painting, the symmetry of the statues, the elegance of the architecture, or the convenience of the apartments. We then ran along the streets, glancing at the shops on each side, still with the feeling that we were intruders, and at last gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the surrounding objects. An ecstatic feeling possessed us in this city; which, after being buried for near eighteen centuries, seems to have been refound but to delight the eyes. Dispersing ourselves, we again discovered each other, from a window, the top of a theatre, or seated in one of the shops, or, by the voice issuing from a chamber underneath.

The first place we entered was a space adorned with columns, called the barracks. On the walls may be seen writing, &c. We examined, in succession, a small and

a large theatre, a temple of Isis, one of Esculapius, a Greek temple, a school, the study of a sculptor, and the walls of the city. We afterwards passed over a large tract of ground covered with vines, under which the greater part of the city still remains buried, to the farther side, where there is a magnificent amphitheatre, not so large as the Colloseum, but much more perfect. The interior of the arena, the corridors, &c. are embellished with paintings. This was cleared by order of King Joachim, who is as much panegyrised here as Napoleon is elsewhere. It appears to have been built in a hollow, the ground which surrounds it approaching very near the top; and we descended to the arena by arcades regularly paved. It takes the usual form of an oval. Returning, we entered the Forum. Its beauty, with that of the surrounding buildings, although stripped of their ornaments, delighted us. There is much simplicity and good proportion in the architecture. Its temples are lovely, displaying the Grecian Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, in their simplest forms. The tribune of the latter order is mag-

nificent. Statues of the consuls, colossal horses, &c. in bronze, once adorned this place.

We next visited the habitation of Sallust; and although we could have wished it to have belonged to a more virtuous character, yet we took great pleasure in examining the apartments. Throughout the house, there is an air of luxury; the rooms are elegantly painted, the mosaics and various richly coloured marbles which ornament the floors are arranged with much taste. The bath, in particular, arrested our attention. In different compartments are paintings of Diana and Acteon, Europa and Jove, Mars and Venus, with ornamental figures. The floor of this chamber displayed the richest marbles disposed in various shapes of fruit, flowers, and birds. A large family mansion was another object of our curiosity. All its various offices are subterranean. We descended to them, and saw the wine pitchers ranged in a row, and various utensils.

The streets are narrow; but, as Rousseau observed when he entered London,

we likewise here found, "that the common people counted for something," for there are raised paths on each side for foot passengers. Within the curb stone is mosaic work; but the carriage way is paved with large black stones of unequal sizes, fitted to each other. The shops are numerous, many still discovering their former occupations. An apothecary's, a tavern, and one for the sale of liquors of some kind, are the most conspicuous. The counters of these shops are inlaid with coloured marbles; and the cement which joins them is still so strong, as to prevent their being removed without the application of great force. The street on the outside of the gate which faces Herculaneum is adorned with tombs, which appear as if only just erected,—though in a much better taste than those of the present times.

To wander thus in the streets of the ancient Romans; to visit their chambers, their shops, their baths; to examine their furniture, utensils, &c. to admire their paintings, statues, and the never to be sufficiently admired elegance of their tem-

ples, would be a delightful daily task for many months. We were enraptured with this seeming effect of enchantment.

This city was overwhelmed at the same time with Herculaneum; but it excites our surprise, when we observe how little it is hidden, that it was not discovered at an earlier period. The reason why it is more easily cleared than Herculaneum, and that every thing is in so perfect a state, may be thus explained. Being at a greater distance from Vesuvius, it was at first covered with ashes, the lava forming a crust only over the whole.

By the removal of these cinders, the whole city may be exposed to the sun, in the same manner as those parts which are already cleared. Its founder is unknown, but its early inhabitants were the same as those of Herculaneum.*

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* Correct views of this highly interesting city, with a plan, &c. are now publishing in numbers, from drawings by Gandy, and engraved by Heath.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## EXCURSIONS TO POZZUOLI AND BAIÆ.

On our way to Pozzuoli from Naples, we passed the celebrated grotto of Posilipo, cut through the mountain of that name*. It is about half a mile in length, and is sufficiently broad for two carriages to pass. This grotto was probably begun by extracting stone and sand, and afterwards continued to shorten the road from Pozzuoli to Naples, which before passed over the mountain. There are various accounts as to its origin. It is said to have been dug by the inhabitants of Cumæ, a city celebrated in antiquity; and it is very likely they formed it, to facilitate their progress to Naples and that part of Cam-

* Posilipo is a Greek word, which signifies cessation of sorrow, the suspension of which the beauty of this situation is supposed to have caused. Marius, Pompey, Virgil, Cicero, and Lucullus, had houses here.

pania, particularly as their works are described to have been very much in the taste of the ancient people of Egypt, Greece, Sicily, and Italy. Varro attributes it to Lucullus. Strabo says that Agrippa caused two grottos to be formed in the environs of Pozzuoli, under the direction of the architect Coccejus; one of which conducted from the Lake Avernus to Cumæ; the other from Pozzuoli to Naples. The common people attribute it to the enchantment of Virgil; but it is most probably a work much more ancient than Rome. In height it is about fifty feet, having two openings in the roof which admit the light; and there is a chapel to the Virgin in the centre, where a lamp burns at night. The direction of this grotto is such, that towards the end of October the setting sun illuminates its whole length.

Above, on the hill, is the tomb of Virgil. Ælius Donat, a celebrated grammarian who lived in 354 of the Christian æra, mentions, in his life of Virgil, that his ashes were transported to Naples by the order of Augustus, and placed on the road to Poz-

zuoli. Many concur in having seen the sarcophagus or cinerary urn of Virgil. Alphonso Heredias, who lived in 1500, said that it was constructed of brick, with nine columns in the middle, which supported the urn of marble with the ancient distich:

> Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuère, tenet nunc
> Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.

Nothing remains but a square room with an arched roof. Above the ruin, among many briers, pellitories, and other wild herbs, is an ancient laurel, which, according to the fable, grew of itself upon the tomb of the poet, after his ashes had been deposited there. They say that it is in vain to cut or pluck it up, it always buds again; nevertheless, to preserve the species, slips of the tree are carefully planted around, and the principal branch does not appear to have been there more than sixty years.

The territory of Pozzuoli comprises a country the most singular perhaps in the world. Nature offers, besides an astonishing fertility, phenomena the most rare and

curious, in the volcanoes which are not entirely extinguished. This place has been celebrated in Heathen mythology, the poets having made it the seat of many of their fables, and contributed much to the attraction of numbers of people. When the Romans became masters of the world, they made it the centre of their delights; they embellished it with magnificence, and spread there the treasures which they had brought from other nations. They found upon its shores, a sweetness of climate, a fruitful soil, ease of mind, a remedy for their ills, and a liberty which they could not enjoy in great capitals. It was covered with delightful country-houses, and with the most sumptuous public and private buildings. The edifices of pleasure were built like cities; and Cicero, in speaking of this country, calls it, "*Puteolana et Cumana Regna,*" the kingdom of Pozzuoli and Cumæ.

This fortunate country did not survive the fall of the Roman empire. It became uncultivated, and so miserable, that the air we respire is unwholesome and pernicious. Those populous and flourishing cities exist

no more, and there cannot be found even a trace of their ancient grandeur. Pozzuoli presents but a pale and afflicted population; and at each step we meet with wrecks of antique monuments. The phenomena of nature, which have not passed through the same vicissitudes, still excite attention; particularly in the quantity of mineral waters, which her bounty offers as remedies of all our ills.

A mile and a half from the grotto is the Lago d'Agnano. It is about two miles in circumference, has no fish, but frogs innumerable. We were astonished, as the carriage drove along its border, to see the agitation of the water, which we afterwards discovered to be caused by myriads of these animals, which our passing had disturbed on its grassy banks, who were taking refuge in the lake. This, like many others, is supposed to be the crater of an extinguished volcano, and that the action of the subterranean fire is still seen in the bubbling of the water at times. Others think as the water is not warm, that it may be caused by some vapour disengaging itself. I am inclined to

believe, that this effect is produced by a more simple agency; for when we saw it, it had all the appearance of boiling water; but this agitation was caused by the frogs, as before described. The waters are mineral and good for many maladies. Upon the borders of this lake, are vapour baths, which are excellent for the rheumatism, gout, paralysm, &c. &c.

That which most attracts the curiosity of the generality of travellers, is the Grotta del Cane, or the Grotto of the Dog. It is dug in a sandy soil to the depth of about ten feet, nine feet high in the entrance, and four feet wide. A light humid vapour is seen rising about six inches from the soil, which is always wet: the heat, on entering, is felt very sensibly; but to place oneself within the power of the vapour, is death. The effect is exemplified to a stranger upon a dog, and also a well lighted flambeau, the one losing the power of animation, the other becoming extinct. A dog belonging to the owner of this place was brought (who appeared by his cries to know well what he was to undergo), and after being held under its

influence for a few moments, at first having a species of convulsion, dropped senseless. He was placed in the open air, and very quickly recovered himself. A flambeau was then lighted, and the moment it was brought in contact with the vapour, it became instantly extinguished, the smoke not mixing but floating on its top. To judge from the movements of the dog's lungs, it was the air which failed him in respiration while in the grotto; for when placed on the grass on the outside, he drew in the air with long draughts, which almost immediately brought him to life. Birds are overcome still more quickly than quadrupeds. A cock, the moment his head is in the vapour, vomits and expires on the spot. Its effect is less sudden upon the human species; but it is related that the cultivators of this country, who slept in that place before the discovery of the vapour, awoke no more. From observation and experiments, this vapour was found to be neither sulphurous, vitriolic, arsenical, nor alkaline, and that it is not unwholesome was sufficiently proved by the

dog, which is put in many times in the day, and that for years, without ever suffering harm from it, only being incommoded during the time of the suspension of respiration. These observations brought forth many opinions, but no satisfactory explanation. It was reserved for our time, when physic and natural history have made such great progress, to give a true explication. Since the discovery that has been made of the nature and quality of fixed air, it is very evident that we cannot attribute to any other cause the effect of the vapour of this grotto.

A mile from the Lago d'Agnano is the Solfatara, so named from the quantity of sulphur it contains. It is an oval plain, surrounded by hills, and nearly a mile long. It was anciently called the Forum of Vulcan, a name commonly given to those places which showed any indication of fire. Even now there are evident signs of violent burning, of hot waters, of sulphur, and of a continual fire so celebrated in history and fable. But that which gives it its principal celebrity is being the place

described by the poets, where Hercules defeated the giants, 1238 years before the Christian æra.

Pozzuoli is seven miles from Naples, situated upon the gulf called by its name. It was founded, according to Strabo, 522 years before the Christian æra, and 537 after the foundation of Cumæ, by Dicius, son of Neptune, or of Hercules; and, according to Suidas, by the Samians, who came to Cumæ under the conduct of Dicearchus 469 years before the Christian æra. It was at first called Dicearchia, from the name of its founder. Pozzuoli, or Puteoli, is derived from its number of wells or mineral sources. These wells are supposed to have been dug by the Romans, when Fabius conducted there a colony in the war against Hannibal. This city was anciently a republic, and then a Roman colony. Cicero calls it a municipal city; and, in the time of Vespasian, it was named Colonia Flavia. When the Romans made this country the seat of luxury, it was very considerable: there are many remains of antiquity; edifices, tombs, &c. Two of the latter were discovered a few days be-

fore our arrival. They were found at a considerable depth in a vineyard near the city. On the tops were figures, recumbent, and the sides were richly sculptured. The figures were in high relief, representing passages from the Heathen mythology. The chambers in which they were placed had arched roofs, and were ornamented all round with mosaic work. Among the ancient edifices which remain, is the temple of Augustus, now called the Cathedral of St. Januarius. It is related that St. Paul preached there. Puteoli is mentioned in the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Little remains of the amphitheatre; but they show a cell where St. Januarius and many martyrs were confined, and who were exposed on the arena. An inscription tells us, that this saint being exposed to famished bears, these animals went down on their knees before him, in consequence of which they were obliged to cut off his head.

Near this is a subterranean building, divided in many chambers, called the Labyrinth of Dædalus. On the shore of the

gulf west of Pozzuoli, was the vast country house of Cicero, called Academia, and where he composed his books entitled, 'Academical Questions.' Curiosities are to be purchased without number.

Here are the remains of the famous bridge of Caligula. What we see are the ruins of the Mole of twenty-five arches, built into the sea to protect the vessels from tempests, and for commercial purposes. This manner of building is more light and commodious than when solid. It is composed of brick and stone, joined with lime and the pozzolana; a sand found in great quantities in the city, which, when united to lime, forms a very hard cement, capable of resisting every species of humidity. At the extremity of the Mole began the bridge of this mad emperor, who, after the example of Xerxes, wished to triumph over the sea. It extended to Baiæ, being 3600 feet in a strait line. The difficulty of building towards the middle, where the sea was so deep, caused him to unite a prodigious number of boats, which were fixed by anchors and fastened together by chains. The road was paved and covered with

sand, and had parapets on each side. The first day after it was finished, he passed over it on a horse richly caparisoned, crowned with oak, and followed by an immense crowd, assembled from all parts to enjoy the sight of this truly fantastical and imaginary triumph. The second day he displayed all his stateliness and hauteur, being drawn in a triumphal chariot, carrying on his head the crown of laurel given by the Parthians to Darius. All these exorbitant expenses had no other use than to satisfy the extravagant pride of Caligula.

From here we see the coast of Baiæ, the land of the Cimmerians, beyond which is the Lake Avernus, the infernal regions, and the Elysian fields. Monte Nuovo is also seen, which rose in one night in the centre of the Lucrine lake. This lake, famous for the fish that were put in it to fatten for Roman sensualists, is now no more. On the night of the 29th September, 1538, there was a violent earthquake, which swallowed a large village, called Tripergone, with all its inhabitants; and afterwards there arose in the lake the mountain

called as above. The environs were so ruined by the violence of this eruption, that twenty-four hours afterwards no vestige remained. The sea, which had retired from its borders, returned with fury, and occupied the place where the village had been.

It is usual to embark at Pozzuoli for Baiæ; but night coming on obliged us to return, and we determined to go by sea the next morning from Naples. Accordingly we took a boat, and enjoyed, under a heavenly sky, a most delightful sail. The water was so smooth that we imperceptibly glided on, and, but for the objects on shore, might have supposed ourselves stationary. Chelsea reach may certainly be regarded as a dangerous sea, in comparison with the Mediterranean. What a reproach to human beings, that there should be found one individual to interrupt the harmony of nature. The deliciousness of the air is almost a substitute for food; but many gross mortals are more delighted with the sight of a sumptuous dinner, where they can indulge their

real appetites, than with the most lovely scene: unacquainted with books, they can have no pleasing association; and where nothing is sown, no harvest can be expected. Hence, in a great measure, arises that general indulgence in sensuality.

How different was our situation to that of Ulysses, when about to visit this very place. With light hearts, we entered the boat, the continued shore presenting new beauties for our enjoyment, and calling forth all our early recollections. Ulysses, on leaving the island of Circe, says:—

> " Now to the shores we bend, a mournful train,
> Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main.
> At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
> The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
> Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress'd,
> And solemn horror saddens every breast."
>
> POPE'S Trans. Odyssey, Book XI.

The coast we passed along was delightful. Islands, rocks, verdure, ruins, villas, towns, &c. appeared in succession. We passed what is called the School of Virgil. It consists of some walls and excavations in the rock. It is most probably the remains

of the grotto of Lucullus, where he had baths formed, his country-house being on the spot.

On a projecting point of the rock, sat a monk with a long stick like a fishing-rod, having a line at the end, to which was attached a bag, and by which he fished the money out of the pockets of the pious individuals who might pass. Captain Grose's facetious definition of fishing-rod* would not apply here. We now approached the dread land of the Cimmerians :—

"There, in a lonely land and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances or retreats.
Unhappy race, whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades."

Odyssey, Book XI.

We landed at the mole of Baiæ, where the bridge of Caligula joined from Pozzuoli. It takes its name from Bajus, a companion of Ulysses, who was buried there. Julius Cæsar had there a country-

* Fishing-rod—a long stick, with a fool at one end and a bait at the other.

house, in which Marcellus was poisoned by Livia, the wife of Augustus, who wished to make her son Tiberius emperor. It is young Marcellus, cut off in the prime of youth, of whom Virgil speaks so pathetically and tenderly in the sixth book of the Æneid. Octavia, on hearing these lines read, fainted—

"This youth, the blissful vision of a day,
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away:
The gods too high had raised the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve:
The Trojan honour and the Roman boast,
Admired when living and adored when lost* !"

Besides the house of Cæsar, Seneca speaks of those of Pompey and Marius, which were situated on high between the lake Avernus and the Stews of Tritoli. He says that they were built before Baiæ became a scene of debauchery, but, that

* Who can peruse these lines, but must perceive their application to our lovely departed Princess Charlotte, cut off in the flower of her age! With her, fell the nation's dearest hope, and best pledge of future happiness.

they were castles rather than country-houses, and unfit for a philosopher to inhabit. The waters rendered this place a rendezvous for the voluptuous; women of pleasure came to spend the autumn: the Romans were attracted, and each one wished to build; but there not being sufficient space, they projected their substructions even into the sea, and the whole space was covered with magnificence. Horace reproaches the voluptuaries of his time, that not content with the vast extent of shore, they must encroach on the boundaries of the sea. Many of these immense substructions are still seen; but the sea has swallowed up the buildings, the terraces, and the gardens they supported.

It is worthy of remark, that in every instance the cement is harder than the bricks, the latter mouldering away while the former retains all its firmness: this has a curious effect in some of the buildings. Nothing demonstrates more the vicissitudes and fragility of human affairs than the sight of these shores, covered with ruins, and actually deserted. The air

even is described to be infected by the exhalations which rise from all parts; and it is regaining the character given to it in fabulous history.

There are the remains of three temples, of Venus, of Mercury, and of Diana. That of Mercury is a rotundo, like the pantheon of Agrippa at Rome, and has a most singular echo. The least whisper is heard; a sigh is softly repeated; and when you laugh the roof is convulsed with the sound. When you speak low with your face to the wall, a person on the opposite side can hear perfectly well, while those in the centre hear nothing. This, I believe, proves that the roof is eliptical. When alone in this place, you are astonished at the sound of your own voice; and it brings forcibly to one's recollection the beautiful story related by Ovid of Echo and Narcissus.

They point out the tomb of Agrippina; but although this unfortunate mother was murdered here by order of her son Nero, yet it is doubted; as it has more the appearance of the remains of a theatre than a tomb.

We then visited the baths of Nero, otherwise called the Stews of Tritoli: the approach to them is most romantic. They consist of excavations in the rock, forming a succession of chambers divided into an upper and lower range. In the upper one the hot vapour rises, producing great heat and a profuse perspiration. There are seen small recesses, but sufficiently large to receive a human being, with a trifling elevation in each to lay the head on where the patients are placed. The lower range comprises the hot water baths, which are close to each other, almost in the shape of coffins, and on a level with the earth. In these the patients lie, being constantly supplied by the water, which issues hot from the earth. The sick remain in these stews about half an hour, and are then carried to a place less hot; they are often rubbed, the better to excite perspiration—

> "Now hellward bending, we o'er the beach descry
> The dolesome passage to the infernal sky:
> \- - - - - - -
> Here opened hell - - -"
>
> ODYSSEY, Book XI.

We entered the famous cavern which the ancient poets have related was inhabited by the Sibyl of Cumæ, the most illustrious prophetess of Paganism, who predicted the ruin of Troy and the foundation of Rome. It is yet such as Virgil describes it in the 6th book of the Æneid,

"The region destitute of day;"

for even with torches it is hardly possible to dissipate the gloom.

Indeed this place has all the character given it in the eleventh book of the Odyssey, and it requires but little exertion of the imagination to picture to yourself the visions seen by Ulysses, and to imagine "thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts floating about." It was by this place also that Æneas descended; and the golden bough he carried, alluded, no doubt, to the mines of gold which, it is said, were formerly found in this country.

At length we emerged from this gloomy cave, and trod the banks of the Lake Avernus; from whence we passed to the river

Acheron, where the "fell boatman" plied. Here,

> "The souls crowded, with horrid yells,
> Close to the cursed shore of bliss devoid.
> Charon the fiend, with eyes like burning coals,
> Bawls to them; and if any stray,
> He drives them close with his relentless oar.
> Thick as in autumn fall the tumbling leaves,
> One on each other pressing, till each tree
> Sees all her spoils lie scatter'd on the ground;
> So Adam's wicked sons obey his call."
>
> DANTE, Canto III.

We crossed this stream, but not with that "grim ferryman which poets write of;" nor was it "the kingdom of eternal night" which we entered. Beyond, were the Elysian fields. It is yet a charming country, which never feels the rigour of winter; though all these parts have been desolated by earthquakes and partial eruptions.

Near the Sibyl's Grotto and Lake Avernus, was the ancient Cumæ, a city of the highest antiquity. It was celebrated for its power and riches, also for the tyranny of Aristodemus; and as the place of the exile and death of Tarquin the Proud, after he was ejected from Rome. Virgil

speaks of a temple which Dædalus raised to Apollo, where he consecrated the wings which served him to escape from Minos. This city became deserted when the Romans fixed themselves at Baiæ.

The places we have just visited, have now none of the terrific imagery with which the poets clothed them, with the exception of the Sibyl's Grotto, a fit place for the delivery of her wild mysterious oracles. Lake Avernus forms the arena of a delightful amphitheatre, and is no longer overshadowed by clouds and darkness. In returning, we touched at Cape Mesinus, where Pliny commanded at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius. It was so named from one of the companions of Æneas, who was buried there.

On this coast we drank of the Falernian wine; and, although I do not suppose it was so good as anciently, yet it was very pleasant to the taste.

We had for our guide a man with one eye, who, from that misfortune, was called one of the Cyclops, a name perfectly suitable to the places we explored.

## CHAPTER XV.

### RETURN TO ROME.

ONCE more do I turn my eyes towards home. Once more do I face the north star, and look on that constellation which I have so often contemplated with those I love. Hitherto I have been travelling southward, far from all I hold most dear; now, my steps, as my thoughts have always been, are directed towards England. Rome has its wonders, Naples its delights, and Pompeii its refined pursuits; but the attractions of home, how infinitely superior!

We set out with the courier, accompanied with the usual escort, on a fine night, the stars shining with increased lustre from the clearness of the atmosphere. Not being disposed to sleep, I continued on the outside of the carriage the greater part of the night. In the silence that prevailed, I enjoyed a luxurious quiet, to which I had

been long unaccustomed. I arranged my thoughts, recalled what I had seen, and dwelt with rapture on those pleasing reminiscences. I had now leisure to think; I had no humours to study; no force put on my complaisance: I was by myself, alone, and could exclaim with Scipio Africanus, that "I am never less alone than when alone."

Little occurred until we arrived at Fondi, except the ceremony we occasionally went through, when coming to a suspicious place, of hiding our money, watches, &c. in a secret drawer in the coach, with the consequent sensations, particularly after having seen some of the fearful results of the desperate hordes which infest the country.

At Fondi, when the Douaniers recognised us, they turned on their heels and walked away. We passed through the same ceremonies on the frontiers, and arrived at Terracina late in the day, when we again entered upon the Pomptine Marshes.

To sleep in passing them is considered dangerous, though the air has a tendency to produce somnolency. The evening set

in darker than usual, and we had twenty-five miles to travel over them, in the heat of summer, and subject to all their noxious exhalations. The country presented a dismal appearance. A gloom spread around, occasioned by a mist or fog, caused by the vapours rising from the marshy land. Excessive drowsiness, accompanied by profuse perspiration, nearly overpowered us. The air was disagreeably close, damp, and suffocating, so much so as to cause a difficulty of breathing.

As night advanced, the rapidity of our progress was beyond any thing I had ever experienced. Fear seemed to animate the postilions, and to lend wings to the horses. The escort of cavalry galloped on each side, looking keenly about them with their carbines prepared. The shrieking noise accompanied us, whistling in our ears, from all sides, from those animals which are always heard in Italy at night, and which seemed to increase the faster we whirled over the pavement*. Lights occasionally gleamed

* This noise is really of so terrific a nature, as to incline one to think that the poets took their idea from it, of Orestes pursued by the Furies.

through the fog. Expecting to be attacked every moment, each one appeared shrinking his head, as if he would hide it between his shoulders, well expressing the fear which he felt at the terrors by which he was surrounded. Our situation was indeed awful. For my own part I felt that it was new, but was perfectly prepared for the event.

At the next post we were received by a crowd of persons with lights, who seemed to welcome our arrival. Two other carriages overtook us here, and were glad to keep in our train, for the benefit of the escort. The lamps were lighted, and we again proceeded with rapidity. After passing Torre del Tre Ponti I looked for the ravine, the ambush of assassins. Its double mouth gaped upon me, and possibly might be charged with the ministers of my death. I shuddered as I passed.

Sleep had again nearly overpowered me, when suddenly I heard violent exclamations from the guards, with a confusion of other voices; fire-arms were discharged, and the carriage stopped. Immediately looking out, I saw several strange men

standing about, while the soldiers, who had dismounted, with their pistols in their hands, had seized and were searching some of them. Suspecting the cause of this uproar, I took a pistol and instantly leaped out, thinking it better to stand there on my defence, than to remain and be murdered in the carriage. As I approached the scene of contest, I learned that these men, with some others, who had escaped into the marshes, and on whom the guards had fired, were discovered lying in ambush by the side of a large stone hovel. A woman, who accompanied them, was at this moment dragged from a ditch, where it was supposed she had hidden some of their weapons. While the guards were thus employed, an elderly gentleman called from one of the carriages, begging of me to return, as he apprehended danger, these being a part of the brigands. Wishing to be doubly armed, I went back for another pistol, when I informed my fellow travellers of what was going forward.

By the time I regained the crowd, the guards were knocking loudly at the door of the hovel; no one answering, we set

our shoulders to it, and burst it open. Our surprise may be conceived, when, on entering, we found a large fire, and men sleeping around it. Those nearest the fire instantly started up, making some show of resistance; but perceiving we were well armed, they hesitated, and sulkily answered our interrogatories as to the persons found on the outside, and of whom they disclaimed all knowledge.

The hovel, into which we had thus forcibly entered, appeared to be about twenty yards long and eight broad. The light emanating from one spot, the more distant parts were involved in a deep gloom. The scowling features of these men, with their style of dress, gave them a ferocity to which their beards and mustachios did not a little contribute: the light from the blazing hearth striking on the lower parts of their countenances, their lengthened shadows being lost in the distance, added to their demon-like appearance; while the lumber scattered about, and the recesses seen around, completed the picture of a den of thieves.

Leaning against a projection, and rumi-

nating on this scene, a heavy sigh was breathed into my ear. On turning round, I discovered a man close to me, apparently asleep. The gentleman who had so kindly cautioned me before now joined me, and we indulged our curiosity in exploring this cavern. In going round, we counted nine men lying in different parts, who could hardly be distinguished in the gloom. Notwithstanding all the noise caused by the violence of our entrance and loud conversation, and although we pulled and pressed them to discover whether they were really human beings or lumps of wood, not one of these stirred, but lay with every appearance of a desire for concealment.

At the door I was joined by one of my lively companions, who gave me a most laughable description of the different effects produced by the alarm on some of those left in the carriages, and who were in the greatest consternation. It seems that the moment information was given that the brigands were near, fear took possession of them and fixed them to their seats. One had

drawn himself into a corner, crossing himself and uttering ejaculations; another was seen to put large bits of bread in his mouth to keep the sickness down by which he was attacked, and to prevent the chattering of his teeth being heard; while a third pretended to sleep (though with a suppressed respiration) who had just before loudly demanded what was the matter. Such were the effects produced by the magical sentence, "The brigands are here." This was the subject of a little harmless raillery afterwards.

Our force was not sufficiently strong to take the whole prisoners; but those found on the outside of the hovel we drove before us, proceeding at a slow pace, and on arriving at the next guard, delivered them up.

There seems to be no doubt that this was a regular band, and that those found inside and outside were connected together. Although there were no arms discovered in the hasty search we made, it does not follow that they had none. But this is not material, as it is by their numbers that they overpower. They attack tra-

vellers twenty and thirty in a body, who consequently have no chance in resisting; for if they kill two or three, they only lay themselves more open to the vengeance of the rest. It is evident, therefore, that without an escort of cavalry, it is perfectly useless to offer any resistance when attacked.

We learned, on our arrival at Rome, that two days before an English gentleman and his servant residing in the Piazza d'Espagna, near our residence, had been stopped in this same place, that is, between Cisterna and Torre del Tre Ponti, robbed and stripped, the carriage cut in all parts to discover money, and sent into that city with only their shirts on; the several post-houses being obliged to give them credit for the horses and postilion. The name we understood to be Morison.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ROME: EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

On our return to Rome, we were informed by our friends, to our great regret, that two days before, the Pope, feeling himself better in the morning, said, that he should be glad that day to see those strangers who had been waiting to be introduced; consequently we were deprived of that pleasure.

We made an excursion to Tivoli, formerly called Tibur, situated on the borders of ancient Latium. In going to it, we saw here and there remains of a Roman pavement; but, at present, the road is extremely bad. Crossing the Anio, which forms the grand cascade at Tivoli, we approached the bridge of Solfatara. Sometime before our arrival at it, the smell of sulphur arising from the stream was extremely disagreeable, and, in passing over it, suffocating. The colour of the water is

a light blue. The Lake of Solfatara, from which it flows, is about a mile to the left; and the whole country around is infected with the odour. The tomb of the family of Plautius stands on one side of the road. It appears like a round tower, having been robbed of its columns.

Of the villa of Hadrian, situated about two miles to the right, sufficient remains to give an idea of its former extent and magnificence. The ruins of theatres, temples, immense palaces, and baths, are still seen; many parts excellently well preserved, and exhibiting a portion of their former splendour. The quarters of the Prætorian guards, divided into a number of small chambers, with the adjacent spaces for various games, are worth examining. At every step we met with some relique of antiquity. Many chambers, once the abode of luxury, now subterranean, are still adorned with painting and sculpture, with the most beautiful marbles, verde antique, &c. indeed porphyry appeared strewed about like the commonest stone. Such, at present, is the villa of Hadrian; and which, but for the destroying

hand of man, might have been perfect at this time. No place that we had seen, gave us such an idea of former magnificence of decoration.

Hadrian, who had visited every part of the Roman empire, wished in this place of pleasure to have resemblances of all that was most beautiful in Greece, Asia, and Egypt. Accordingly here were theatres after the finest models, with every convenience attached to them; a copy of the Pœcile, or celebrated painted portico at Athens; a hippodrome; and, amongst an infinite number of temples, was an imitation of the celebrated one of Serapis, erected in the city of Canopus in Egypt. How fragile is human greatness!

Returning to the road, and continuing our course, we entered Tivoli through a thick plantation of olive trees, laden with fruit. Our steps were directed to the temple of Vesta; in our approach to which we saw, from various elevations, falls beneath us, of the ancient Anio, now called Teverone. The remains of this temple are very perfect, the proportions lovely. Near it was the Temple of the Sibyls, the ruins

of which now form part of a modern church. We descended from hence to the Grotto of Neptune, by a path cut by the order of general Miolis, for the benefit, as is expressed in an inscription on the rock, of the lovers of the Fine Arts. Many stations are formed as we descend, with seats and parapets, to enjoy different points of view. In going down, we were shown various apertures, through which the Anio formerly flowed.

A grand and beautiful scene was now before us: on one side, the water falling from a perpendicular height of one hundred feet; on the other, an immense body, winding with rushing impetuosity and tremendous roar from within the grotto. The spray mounted in clouds, the most lovely rainbows were seen, and beneath us was a mass of white foam. The scenery around being beautifully picturesque, added to the magnificence of the sight. Proceeding to examine a tree which appeared petrified, we advanced upon the slimy rocks. Here there had nearly been a fatal catastrophe: one of my companions growing giddy, lost his footing, and would have been precipi-

tated into the foaming gulf, but that he was instantly pulled down upon his back, and thus saved.

Wishing to examine the grotto, I clambered up the interior; and there, on a projecting point, the water gushing in two vast bodies from the interior of the rock close to me, I stood proudly pre-eminent, looking on the gulf below. Our guide, the moment he saw where I was, clasped his hands, and stood with his mouth open, gazing at me, with terror depicted in his looks. When I descended, I learned the cause of his alarm; two Englishmen having been killed by falling from the same spot. He concluded by saying that the English were certainly devils, for they knew no fear.

Crossing the river, the scene again changed: cascades, ruins, cavities, rainbows, and the whole crowned by the elegantly formed temple of Vesta. We visited the grotto of the Sirens.

In taking the circuit of the valley, the scene was ever varied. Indeed, no language can adequately describe the beauties of this delightful retreat. The ame-

nity of the air, the loveliness of the scenery, and the beautiful odour of vegetation, produced a luxurious repose in the mind, a softness of feeling that inclined one to exclaim, "Here will I rest, and forget the world."—Reclining on a grassy bank, the most picturesque and romantic views attracted our sight, whichever way we turned. The villas of Horace, Quintilian, Mæcenas, and Munatius Plancus, were pointed out to us, producing the pleasing associations which those names always inspire: these spots we passed in succession. From the opposite side of the valley there is a fine view of Tivoli, with a water-fall of two descents, the Compagna di Roma, Rome, and the sea bounding the horizon. On our arriving opposite the villa of Mæcenas, five cascades appeared within the compass of the eye, broken in their fall into three, four, and five descents each. Lucien Buonaparte's situation, who now possesses this villa, is truly enviable. The subterranean saloon under the porticoes and chambers, seen in this villa, is commonly called the Stables of Mæcenas. Others believe it to have been a grand re-

servoir of water. The substructions of the house of Catullus are still seen. Ancient Latium was on this side Tivoli, the country of the Sabines on the other.

Our intention was to have proceeded from hence to Frascati, the ancient Tusculum; but intelligence had just arrived that the brigands had made an attack on the Pope's guards, situated there, and carried seven of them prisoners into the mountains of Albano. The alarm was so great, that we had much difficulty in persuading our coachman to drive us back to Rome, as he was fearful of our path being beset. Indeed the road is so bad, and the country around such a wilderness, that it seems well calculated for predatory exploits. We returned to Rome with the most lively impressions of the delights of Tivoli.

As souls after their departure from bodies are said to hover over the places which formerly gave them pleasure, so did we visit again and again the ruins of this once magnificent metropolis of the world.

We now compared the temple of Vesta with that we had just seen. It is of the

Ionic order, is in tolerable preservation, but yields in beauty to that of Tivoli. Of the theatre of Marcellus little is seen. It was built by Augustus, and dedicated to Marcellus, his nephew. The construction was so perfect, that it served as a model for modern architects. The exterior was decorated with four orders of architecture; but only a part of the first two ranges of arcades remains. The day on which it was dedicated, there were killed in it six hundred wild beasts. This beautiful building was converted into a fortress by one of the families who were contending for superiority in Rome; and, after it was ruined, the Orsini palace, as it now stands, was raised on its foundation, and within a part of its walls.

Near here Octavius also built the portico of Octavia, named from his sister, the mother of Marcellus, for the purpose of sheltering the people who visited the theatre from rain. It formed long galleries, supported by two hundred and seventy columns, and was ornamented with statues by the most eminent artists. It was particularly celebrated, as the place where the

painters, on certain days in the year, exhibited their pictures: a part of this portico now forms the approach to a church.

From Mount Janiculum we took our last view of Rome, and afterwards visited the study of Signor Camucini, considered the first painter in Rome of the present day.

Begging friars are seen every where, and their impudence is far beyond what we could possibly imagine. They enter into the houses, and hardly any apartment is sacred from their intrusion. They carry on their mendicant system with an air of authority perfectly new to a Transalpine eye. Contests are often seen in the streets between these friars and the poor people who sell water melons, &c. as the former insist upon carrying off much more than the charity of the others can afford.

Rome was now so beset with robbers, that it was hardly possible to know which way to proceed with safety. Intelligence had just arrived, that thirteen of the Pope's guards had taken their horses and accoutrements, and joined Barbone of Vellitri, the chief of the banditti in that quarter.

The country between Rome and Florence was in the same fearful state; therefore, by the advice of our friends, we determined on taking the road to the Adriatic.

Our last visit was to the remains of ancient magnificence; and we finished, as we began, in the contemplation of Rome's greatest attractions. The sun was setting in splendour, the heavens appeared on fire, reflecting radiance on the surrounding objects; and we remained in the Colloseum till darkness veiled in one common obscurity all around us. As with slow steps we proceeded towards home, black clouds arose, portending an approaching storm.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DEPARTURE FROM ROME.

SEVERAL carriages were waiting for us at the Porto del Populo, to have the benefit of our escort. In picturing to ourselves the advantages of civilization, and the comforts of our own country, we endeavoured to forget we were leaving Rome. Still, its history, its ancient magnificence, and its present state, dwelt on the mind. Although we were rapidly departing from its interesting scenes, our imaginations lingered round those spots we perhaps might never revisit.

Little occurred until our arrival at Civita Castellana, if we except an uproar at a village occasioned by the escape of some robbers who had been taken prisoners, and were being conveyed under guard to a place of safety.

The ancient city of Veii was situated on this side Rome; but the exact spot is a

subject of dispute. Some place it on the road to Boccano; others between Boccano, Nepete, and Capena; and again, Civita Castellana is supposed by many to occupy its former scite. If I might venture an opinion, it would be, that the latter appears too far from Rome, according to the generally received accounts of the distance of Veii. Every one will recollect its ten years siege, whence it was compared to that of Troy. According to history, it was a larger city than Rome, at least at one period of its existence; and maintained fifty thousand soldiers. It was taken by Camillus by sapping; and from the time of its siege, was dated the memorable circumstance of the Roman soldiers receiving pay. Before that period, they always served the state gratuitously, and were used to return home during the winter. But the senate, finding that they could not take the city in one campaign, to induce them to remain out and prosecute the siege in that season, gave them pay.

From Otricoli, there is a beautiful view

of the Tiber, winding in the vale. Anciently the road from Otricoli to Rome was adorned with fine monuments, splendid temples, and triumphal arches. As we advanced, the country appeared better cultivated. On entering the Apennines the scenery was beautifully picturesque. Narni is most romantically situated, and all around is lovely. There is an aqueduct seen, which is fifteen miles long; it furnishes the fountains of this city: also the remains of a magnificent bridge, built in the time of Augustus.

After passing Terni, the birth place of Tacitus the historian, and of the emperors Tacitus and Florian, we ascended Monte Somma*, covered with vegetation. The air was fresh, and the scenery beautiful; indeed it was quite a luxury to see green fields, after remaining so long in deserts. It has often occurred to me, that the state of the plains of Italy in summer, south of the Po, gave rise to the story of Phaeton; by which Ovid poetically described the

* This is the highest mountain in this part of the Apennines.

heat of the sun, during that season, drying up rivers; and the largest of them becoming petty streams.

——" Their currents are all dry,
And where they rolled gaping trenches lie."
ADDISON's Translation.

Spoleto, the ancient Spoletium, is supposed to have been built on the crater of a volcano. There are many ruins seen; but its principal celebrity arises from its successful resistance of Hannibal, after he had defeated the Romans at Thrasymenus.

Between Spoleto and Foligno is the source of the Clitumnus; near which is an ancient temple, that has been preserved by being converted into a Christian church. The waters of the Clitumnus, according to poetic fiction, possessed the power of making the cattle that drank of them white. Throughout Italy we observed, that almost all the oxen used in agriculture and in teams were so. The ancients encouraged the white breed for the purpose of sacrifice; and hence probably is the cause of its being now so general. Herds of

these choice victims, "*Magnæ victimæ,*" of a snowy whiteness, were pastured in the valley of Foligno, which is distinguished for its fertility, and through which the Clitumnus flows. The story of its qualities, no doubt, has taken its rise from this circumstance.

"There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plains,
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare."
DRYDEN's Trans. Virg. Geo. Book II. l. 221.

After passing Le Vene, the village of Trevi is seen, romantically situated on the declivity of a mountain, and built in the form of an amphitheatre, presenting a pleasing sight.

From Foligno we arrived at the highest part of the road, still surrounded by verdure, though the air was bleak; and, afterwards descending, we traversed a plain with a beautiful range of hills on each side. Near Skeggia is a mountain rent asunder; and over the chasm is built a prodigious bridge of one arch, which is in the form of a circle. This is one of the noblest works of the Romans, remaining on the Flami-

nian way. Approaching the Metaurus, the scene of the defeat of Asdrubal, we found the Flaminian way cut through a mountain of considerable height. Leaving Urbino, the birth place of Raffaelle, on our left, and advancing to Fano, we heard the roaring of the Adriatic. It was late when we arrived; and, after knocking some time, the drawbridge was slowly let down, and the gates opened to receive us.

In the course of our journeys, we had various opportunities of seeing the irritability of the Italian disposition, and the fearful extremes to which it is sometimes carried. A quarrel took place between the courier and one of the postilions, about some demand which the latter insisted on; the courier became so exasperated, that, before any person could be aware of what he intended, he drew the sword of a soldier standing by, from its sheath; and, but for our immediately throwing ourselves upon him, the result would have been melancholy. Twice did he, in this manner, essay to cut the other down, and twice did we wrest the sword from his hand. However,

before they parted, they shook hands and kissed each other. Another time, a dispute arose between the conductor and a postilion, when they abused each other with the greatest virulency ; at last, their passion arrived at such a height, that they both descended, and, with the utmost violence of countenance and gesture, stood with their faces opposed to each other, their hands and fingers extended and held up, and shrieking out their words in the highest key of the human voice. As the other was most fearful, this quarrel was most laughable. Gradually their animosity subsiding, one took the other round the waist, and afterwards round the neck, soohting him by words and looks, until they were both good friends again. But a quarrel that we saw between two boys, having all the character of the last, was still more ludicrous, from the imbecile rage of the youthful opponents.

Fano is situated on the sea, and here was our first sight of the Adriatic. From its shores we looked towards Athens, and looked and longed, but longed and looked in vain. It was our intention to have

crossed to Athens; but, understanding that we should have to perform forty days' quarantine, we were compelled to give up the idea.

Fevers, at this time, were flying about in all parts. There was hardly a city in Italy free from contagion. A most respected member of the Royal Academy of London, and a most worthy man, Mr. Woodforde, fell a victim about this time in Bologna. His good character makes him still more regretted; for however towering genius may be, it will sink to the earth, unless supported by high principles.

At Fano is a triumphal arch, which was raised in honour of Augustus; or, according to others, of Constantine; it is very much dilapidated, and has served as a fortress.

We coasted the sea to Pessaro, which is a handsome town, and we were gratified with its general appearance of neatness and cleanliness, being the more struck with these qualities, as we had been so long accustomed to their absence. There are the remains of a bridge built under

Augustus or Trajan, and many of the churches have good paintings. At Pessaro we bathed in the Adriatic. The sand is as soft as that of the bay of Naples. On the shore are to be found quantities of a substance sold in the chymist's shops, called Cuttle fish, being part of a fish bearing that name. The markets are well supplied, and the fruit of a large size, and delicious flavour; the pears were the finest we had tasted in Italy.

From Pessaro to Rimini we continued along the shore. Near Pessaro, we stopped at the house of the Princess of Wales, who shows much judgement in her choice of situation in this, as well as other mansions of hers which we had seen in Italy. The road is excellent, and we had many delightful prospects.

San Marino was seen on our left, among the hills. This republic has existed near 1400 years, for which existence it is indebted to its poverty. It has had no extensive territory, being confined to a mountain and a few surrounding hillocks; it has had no splendid possessions of which it could be robbed, and therefore has not

excited the envy of greater states. Buonaparte offered to give it the command of the surrounding space; but its senate had the wisdom to refuse the dangerous gift.

We entered Rimini by a triumphal arch erected to Augustus. It is of fine proportions, but disfigured by a Gothic battlement. This being suffered to remain, was one of the many specimens that we witnessed of Italian taste in the present day. This city is famous, as being the first which Julius Cæsar entered after passing the Rubicon. They show a pedestal, said to be the tribune from whence he harangued his army on that occasion. In going out, we passed over a fine bridge of marble, constructed in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius. Its character is boldness and solidity: it is supposed to be the work of Vitruvius. Here the consular, the Flaminian, and the Emilian ways join. From Rimini, the traveller may proceed to Ravenna, the hiding-place of the imbecile tyrants of Rome in the decline of the empire. Proceeding towards Bologna, at Scavigliano, we crossed a branch of what is said to be the Rubicon. But soon afterwards,

we passed that river at the place, according to the inscription on the bridge, where Cæsar crossed from Gaul, and by which Rome became enslaved. If we examine the history of the most celebrated nations and states, we shall uniformly find, that, from the moment they have become subject to any particular family, their decline has commenced. I suppose it is because they have then an unnatural existence.

Forli, anciently Forum Livii, was built after the defeat of Asdrubal. Faenza is a large and well constructed city. The country is highly cultivated all the way to Imola, and the scenery picturesque. Passing through that city, we entered on the plains of Lombardy, and arrived at Bologna.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

## BOLOGNA AND PADUA.

Bologna is distinguished as one of the great schools of painting, taking its rank next to the Roman and Florentine. The principal places worthy of notice, are the university, the palaces Maraschatti, Zambaccari, and Androvandi; the Academie delle belle Arte; the churches of St. Agatha, and San Michelo in Bocco. In the Palazzo Marachatti, among many other pictures, are some by Titian, Rembrandt, and a Christ of Correggio, which is light itself. The sketch of Titian, for the Abraham which adorns the roof of the sacristy of Santa Marie delle Salute at Venice, one of the *chef d'œuvres* of the world, is in this palace, and raised expectations which were afterwards much more than gratified. At the Academie delle belle Arte, was a most magnificent assemblage of twelve pictures, which had just been brought

back from Paris, Not having been distributed to their several places of destination, we found them standing side by side in one room; and the radiance of so many beauties seemed to absorb the senses. Domenichino, Ludivico and Augustino Carracci, Guercino, Guido, and Raffaelle, stood before us in their sublimest efforts. Those who visited Paris in 1814, will recollect the St. Agnes of Domenichino; St. Ambrose, by Guercino; the Assumption of the Virgin and the St. Jerome, by Augustino Carracci; the Dead Christ in two departments, and the Murder of the Innocents, by Guido; and the St. Cecilia, by Raffaelle. These formed a constellation almost too brilliant to behold.

In the university are many chambers, in which are arranged philosophical instruments, antiquities, medals, curiosities of various kinds, injections, models in wax, &c.

Rome is not the only place that makes a trade of the arts. Bologna, as well as other cities in Italy, formerly famous for their high perfection in the Fine Arts, are now distinguished by their copies, which

they endeavour to pass off for originals to ignorant collectors. It is really absurd to see some of their attempts at imposition. That good sense which prevails in England, and which will overcome every error in time, has already, in a great measure, broken the trammels of *picture dealers,* whose sovereign sway has been so prejudicial to Art. Men of science, whose judgement can be relied on, are now consulted when a purchase is to be made; and the House of Commons has given a final blow to this system, in the preference it has lately shown to the opinion of Artists, in opposition to the ignorance and pretension of connoisseurs. What a folly for such men as the latter, in the present day of intellectual improvement, to set themselves up as the directors of public taste!

The streets of Bologna are narrow, and almost all of them have colonades on each side. The foot paths are neatly paved, with very small stones, like mosaic, only the materials are of one colour. Some of the towers appear out of the perpendicular, from the tops of which there are extensive views. The portico, which leads

to the shrine of the Virgin, near three miles in length, is worthy of remark.

In proceeding to Ferrara, we leave Cento on our left, distinguished as the birth place of Guercino. Ferrara is situated on a branch of the Po, and was formerly very celebrated; but, according to the information we received, it declined rapidly, after having been annexed to the Pope's dominions. We there saw the tomb of Ariosto. Soon after passing this city, we crossed the Po, by what is called a flying bridge. A post is fixed higher up, in the centre of the river, from which a rope is conveyed to the passage-raft, by means of a number of small boats, which form the connecting links. These being pressed upon by the currents, guide the raft, when loosened from the bank, with the slight assistance of an oar, to the opposite side. The raft is formed of two barges, boarded over and railed round.

The road was tolerable; the hedges were composed entirely of vines spreading in festoons, from which the grapes, deliciously ripe, were luxuriantly suspended.

Rovigo is built on the ruins of the an-

cient city of Adria, from which the Adriatic sea took its name. It was renowned, in the time of Pliny, for the goodness of its wines; but Italy has degenerated in that particular, as well as many others; and we often had to regret the good hermit's fare on Mount Vesuvius. The country around is celebrated for its astonishing fertility. A few miles from Rovigo we crossed the Adige.

By way of compensation for the badness of the road, the postilion indulged us with —not an air or singing of any kind, for such it could not be called, but a dreadful noise. I have before remarked upon the character of the singing in private parties of Italy; and after what we heard at Sienna, it had several times excited our surprise, in this land so famed for musical talent, to hear some of the common people attempt to sing; making so horrid a noise, as to incline us to believe that the fault lay in ourselves, and that "discord was but harmony not understood." It struck us the more forcibly in contrast with the lower orders of the French, who never speak even but music salutes the ear. But

the Italians, in general, speak in a very high key; and many rather screech out their words, observing no modulation whatever. I should think that nothing would strike a stranger more forcibly than this, on his first entrance into Italy. For my own part, I often fancied that two persons were quarrelling with each other, when I afterwards found that they were only conversing on some familiar topic. A want of modulation is sometimes observable in their chanting at the shrine of the Virgin, which is usually done by one or two men and a number of children. They have a twang in their notes, with an abruptness of termination, which are often very disagreeable to the ear. All this was the more remarkable to us, who had been taught to look upon Italy as the school for harmony. But I am inclined to believe, that Italian singing is often the most unnatural when it is said to be the finest; that the French singing is less removed from nature; but that our own native melodists, such as Miss Stephens, are the most natural; for, while the others only astonish, her notes touch the heart.

Mon Selice is a rock in the midst of a vast plain. On the summit is an old castle. We ascended by various terraces, adorned by statues and chapels, having paintings in fresco. From the top we had a vast and extended view all around for thirty miles, with almost an uninterrupted horizon. This castle must have been a place of considerable strength formerly. The country here is flat, with the exception of a few volcanic hills in one spot; but it is richly cultivated and delightfully intersected with numerous canals, having walks beside them. The towns and villages are populous; a degree of bustle prevails; the inhabitants are lively and good looking; and we appeared, as we approached Padua, to be going into a new region. Indeed, wherever we observed that the cultivation of the land was attended to, there was a visible improvement in the appearance of the people.

From Mon Selice to Padua the road is good, and runs by the side of a navigable canal. It is adorned with many magnificent country-houses, belonging to rich Venetian families.

Padua is one of the most ancient cities of Italy. It was founded by Antenor, a Trojan prince, who advised the restoration of Helen*. After the destruction of Troy, he migrated to this part of Italy, and built this city. Padua has been celebrated in modern times for its University. Shakspeare speaks of Bellario, a celebrated doctor of Padua†. It was so famed that Arabians, as well as Greeks and individuals of other nations, went there to study. Galileo was one of its professors, Petrarch was a canon of the cathedral, and Columbus studied within its walls. This city has also the honour of claiming, as a native, Titus Livius the historian. There are many buildings by Palladio, of whom I shall speak hereafter, contenting myself, at present, with an observation, that I was not pleased with them. The Pantheon and other ancient beauties dwelt in my recollection, and St. Giustino and the University appeared trifling in the comparison. In this we had the same feeling as

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* Pope's Homer, B VII. l. 418.

† Merchant of Venice.

at Rome, when looking at the Farnese and other palaces, though unaccompanied by that indignation at seeing the infamous spoliation which those families had been guilty of in their erection.

A late learned traveller in Italy, when speaking of St. Paul's of London, says, "not only is it inferior to St. Peter's, but to numberless other churches in Italy; particularly in Rome, Venice, and Padua." I hope he did not mean St. Antonio, the cathedral at Padua, which is a clumsy ill-looking building, with all its domes; or that of St. Mark's at Venice, which, although Santa Sophia at Constantinople was its model, is to be regarded more as a curiosity in architecture than as any thing fine. The first Santa Sophia was built by Constantine; but although that emperor could command marbles and sculpture of the most exquisite beauty, which he tore without remorse from their original stations, yet he could not *create artists.*

The interior of St. Antonio is decorated with paintings by Giotto, and a series of bronze basso relievoes beautifully executed, the subjects of which are taken from the

Scriptures. The candelabres are likewise of bronze, richly sculptured. *La scuola* is ornamented with paintings in fresco, by different artists; some of them are said to be by Titian. St. Giustino has a fine picture over the altar by Paul Veronese, and a good one by Sebastian Ricci.

*Il Salone*, which is the town-hall, has been compared with that of Westminster; but, in my opinion, the simile "was most unlike." It is singular that its corners are not right angles, consequently its diagonal lines are not equal. There is a small hole on one side the roof, dividing its length into two equal parts, through which the sun shines, and the line of the rays at noon is marked on the floor to the opposite side, indicating mid-day. A conjecture was started that, for this trifling object, the building was made to take the zigzag direction before mentioned. In this hall is a monument and a bust of Titus Livius.

This city is handsome in many parts; but some of the streets are very narrow and badly paved. A part within its ancient walls is waste. The inns and coffee-houses are good. In the latter, as well as those of other

cities in this part of Italy, the cushions on which you sit are luxuriously soft; and at the same time cool, being covered with leather. The flies are often so troublesome, that those persons who enter for refreshment are supplied with bunches of strips of paper, with a handle attached to them, by which they are enabled to drive away those annoying insects.

In going by land to Fusina, we drove by the side of the Brenta. A fertile country, populous villages, splendid palaces, and the anticipation of soon enjoying the sight of Venice, rendered this short journey very pleasing. In Italy every house is a palace, while in England, such is our modesty, that we call almost every mansion a cottage. Will not posterity say, what a learned, polite, yet humble race the English were in the beginning of the nineteenth century?—so learned, that even their shops, where the commonest articles were sold, had names of Greek and Latin derivation; so polite, that the beggars thanked you all the same, although you gave them nothing; and yet so humble, that their greatest men were content to live in cottages.

We again saw the snow-capt Alps as we approached Fusina, where we shortly after arrived.

It is customary in Italy, when you enter into an engagement with any person, for him to give you a piece of money, which is considered as binding the agreement. A man whom we had engaged to carry us to Vicenza, when we should return from Venice, made this offering; but, on telling him it was not necessary, he immediately tendered his hand, repeating, at the same time, that *honour* was more binding in an agreement than money. It was extremely pleasing to hear such a sentiment expressed—and the proffered bond was willingly accepted.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### VENICE.

On our arrival at Fusina, a phenomenon struck our sight in the appearance of a city, with all its domes and spires, rising from the sea. The chief celebrity of this city consists in its situation, which is unique; in its former power and opulence; in the noble spirit of independence which once animated its people, and from which it derived its origin; and in its being the seat of that school of art, known under the name of Venetian, distinguished for all its alluring blandishments, decorations, and colouring. At the head of this school are the celebrated names of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret.

We passed the Lagunes in a gondola, and arrived opposite St. Mark's, where we rested some time, to enjoy the delightful scene by which we were surrounded. Magnificent edifices appeared on all sides

emerging from the ocean; St. Mark's in front; the Arsenal and St. Georgio Maggiore on the right; the Grand Canal, with its superb range of buildings, on the left; and the Custom-house behind.

Boats piled up with delicious fruits, displaying an assemblage of the most lovely colours in all their beautiful varieties; others loaded with vegetables, or with casks filled with fresh water brought from the neighbouring shores, were slowly moving to their several points of debarkation. Innumerable gondolas were passing in every direction, with various degrees of velocity, as business or pleasure might sway their inmates, and steering amid each other with the greatest nicety. The landing places were as crowded with people as the water was with boats, and all was bustle and activity. We then passed up the grand canal, which winds through the centre of the city, and came in sight of the far famed but insignificant Rialto. Stretched on the downy pillows of a gondola, enjoying the most luxurious ease, and gliding along the canals which intersect the city in every part, was delightful. The

richly decorated houses and splendid palaces which adorn their sides, presenting themselves in constant succession, and in a capricious and almost endless variety, formed a new and pleasing sight.

The windows of my chamber faced the north; the grand canal ran beneath, on which was a constantly moving scene; the Rialto on the right, and in front at a distance appeared the snow-capt Alps. At night, the deep gloom in which every thing was immersed, was occasionally relieved by the passing, crossing, and intermixture of the lights from the gondolas, conveying their owners from the public amusements to their homes. The gondolas, which are black, not being seen, it had the appearance of magic; and it was not difficult to imagine there were airy sprites in the height of revelry, performing their evolutions.

Venice is well worthy the observation of every traveller; and, when seen, must excite admiration. But, with respect to its architecture, it is like St. Peter's; that is, to be really enjoyed, it should be seen before you have viewed the fine remains of

antiquity at Rome. Here are said to be some of the finest specimens of Palladio; but I must confess my want of taste in not being able to admire them. They appear pretty, but are encumbered with a redundancy of ornament. Architects may admire the turn of the arches, proportions, &c.; but after what I had seen, these buildings appeared trifling and insignificant. Palladio was, perhaps, a better builder of private houses than we have at present, and therefore is exalted by the existing race of speculators and contractors for building, who have not talent sufficient to select, adopt, and reject from the immortal archetypes of art, and form a purer style than he did.

Unfortunately for England, the architects—or rather, I should say the *builders*, of the present day, who assume the name and usurp the place of talent, are a class of men, possessing little taste, no discrimination, and without a portion of feeling for the sister arts, particularly painting. They are too *well bred* to be independent, or to have a mind of their own; and too little learned to be capable of executing

works with judgement. Time-servingness is their characteristic; and they readily give into the vague ideas of their employers, interest being their sole guide. The question may be asked, how do these men get employed, in preference to the talent with which our country abounds? The answer is obvious; interest. If the government, a corporation, or any other body of men, project the execution of some great work, there are so many tricks played off by these people, and such scrambling to get the commission, evincing no small portion of meanness and cunning, that a man of real elevation of soul cannot submit to; consequently, nine out of ten of the great opportunities for exertion in art, are little better than thrown away. Where there is no great judgement, people allow themselves to be swayed by their feelings; and he who will descend to solicit, and who acquires the greatest interest, is sure to gain the point.

Many have been led astray by a too close imitation of Italian architecture. But, instead of referring to Palladio, and others of that school, let us go to the

sources from whence they drew their knowledge, and study, while they remain to us, the fine remnants of Grecian and Roman architecture: from them let us form our taste and exercise our judgement, in the adaptation of their exquisite symmetry, beautiful proportions, and elegant simplicity in form and decoration, to our own building. It is this which Burlington has done, which Wren has done; and it is this feeling which animates a Soane, a Bond, and a Savage, architects of the present day. I may be condemned for speaking thus of Palladio, and of Italian architecture generally; but it is only on this ground, that, considering the most perfect examples ought to be held forward in every branch of the education of youth, there is an objection to the Italians being so constantly presented for our study. As I have instanced Palladio as an imperfect guide for young architects, so I should say, that the students in painting are often led astray by the worst parts of Reynolds, Rubens, and the Venetian school, instead of forming their style from the Roman and Florentine, and the grace and

beautiful simplicity of the antique. On this subject, a celebrated professor and critic thus expressed himself, on being applied to by some young men for recommendations to the school for painting: "One tells me he paints like Titian, another like Vandyke, and they all draw like the devil knows who."

The Romans*, in their buildings, deviated from the severe and majestic simplicity of the Greeks; consequently their architecture is more ornamented, and somewhat less chaste. But the grandeur of those glorious monuments of ancient taste, Grecian or Roman, arises from their simplicity. Indeed, simplicity and grandeur are inseparable; one must produce the other. Hence the reason why the ancients have never yet been equalled, because we

* When I speak of the *Romans*, I mean the ancients. It appears ridiculous to apply that name to the modern inhabitants of Italy; or, if we do, we must give up that splendid, though perhaps illusive character, which we so often dwell on with delight. It is like a travestie on Homer; and robs our transitory existence of a portion of its comforts.

have always deviated from that simplicity which nature points out, and which was their guide, with a view to add something of our own. Thus architecture became dressed in a meretricious garb; painting, a splendid ornament; sculpture ran into affectation, and poetry into bombast. The object of the present age, then, is to endeavour to get back to original simplicity, and consequently to a correct taste, by divesting science of the many cloaks and coverings under which she has been so often hid, and which ignorance is continually throwing upon her.

One thing I must observe; that as long as the form of a cross is adhered to in the building of churches, we shall never have one erected which will be truly beautiful. Whether it is what is called the Roman cross or the Grecian cross, it is a figure that will mar the efforts of the greatest genius. It is never seen in ancient buildings, being contrary to all the principles of composition; and, as the latter are derived from a strict observation of the forms most natural, it is contrary to nature. It is a form rejected by painters and sculptors,

and ought to be equally so by architects. Artists are the men who should guide the public taste; and, as the painters and sculptors have done much in reforming it, as far as they are concerned, architects should follow their example in this respect, and refuse to be confined in the building of a church to any such figure.

St. Mark's is the most singular and curious building in every respect which I ever beheld, whether with regard to its form, decorations, interior gloom, mosaics, or variegated marble floor. The latter, which is uneven, and rises and falls as if the sand on which it is built had been disturbed, is not the least of its curiosities. The bronze horses* in front are not near so well seen as they were at Paris, where they had a situation worthy of them.

I have before observed, that it is not my

* These horses were torn from their original situation at Corinth, by that prince of all plunderers, Constantine, to adorn Constantinople. When the French and Venetians took that city, they fell to the *lot* of the latter, and were placed on the façade of St. Mark's. They are supposed to be the works of Lysippus.

intention to enter into lengthened details of every city, but merely to give a general description, and to point out what is most remarkable. In every place we have to wade through a great deal of that which is trifling, to get to what may be most worthy of being seen. As far as regards the works of art, to the general traveller this is the more necessary, as the guides will persist in leading them in regular rotation to all the *shows*, and weary them with a succession of trifles.

On the roof of the sacristy of the church of Santa Marie del Salute, are three fine paintings by Titian; David and Goliath, the Sacrifice of Abraham, and Cain killing Abel. It has been observed by a celebrated critic, that Titian combined the sublimity of Michael Angelo with the most exquisite colouring; and never was an observation more fully illustrated than in these pictures. Here you see grandeur of form personified, fine composition, united to the utmost beauty and harmony of colour. Here is a treat that can be enjoyed at no other place but Venice. From what we see of Titian's pictures in

England, we cannot have a just idea of his powers: these alone will give us that idea. Although I should be sorry to oppose my humble opinion to that of more experienced judges, yet I should be inclined to say that the fine picture of St. Peter Martyr is not to be compared with either of these. Perhaps its having been seen more, is the cause of its being more celebrated. With extreme regret, we took our leave of these master-pieces of art. In the church, are two pictures, by Luca Giordano; the Presentation of Christ, and the Nativity.

In the Academia delle Belle Arte, is the Miracle by Tintoret: certainly it could not have a more appropriate title, for it is a most miraculous and extraordinary production. The Marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese, I looked for; but was shown a picture rolled up, which had been sent from Paris in its stead.

Santa Rocca has some pictures by Sebastian Ricci. The Pallazzio Ducale presents a most extraordinary assemblage. The council-chamber is grand and magnificent of itself; but, with the paintings with

which it is adorned, still more so. The Paradise, by Tintoretto, is a wonderful picture; and the crowning of Venice, of Paul Veronese, a fine and beautiful composition.

It is worth remarking, that this room is ornamented in the frieze by the portraits of the doges, two in each compartment. The place of one doge, whom they hung for mal-practices, is vacant; having only a black curtain painted, which they considered an excellent "*Memento mori*" for their future chief magistrates. On the outside, they exultingly showed us the place where the doge was hung; but, like many other cities, they only boast of the public spirit of their ancestors, without the merit of imitation. In the Anti-Collegio are Mercury and three Graces, Bacchus and Ariadne, and the Cyclops, by Tintoretto; Europa, by Paul Veronese; and some by Bassano. In the college is a fine painting, by Paul Veronese, of Venice sitting enthroned on the globe, with Justice and Peace at her feet; also a Marriage of St. Catherine, by Tintoret.

In the church of St. John and St. Luke,

is the celebrated St. Peter Martyr, by Titian. It is certainly seen here to much greater advantage than in the Louvre. So great was the difference to me, that I doubted whether I had not seen at Paris a dark copy of this original. There is a Mount Calvary, by Tintoret. In the Gallerie Manfreni are two paintings, Lucretia and Europa, by Luca Giordano. On the roof of the second chamber is one by Paul Veronese, Hebe presented to Jove; Armida and Rinaldo, by Guercino; Noah, entering the ark, supposed to be one of the cartoons of Raffaelle. Here is a copy of the burial of Christ, by Titian: the original is in the Louvre. *La scuola*, the lower room, is filled with paintings of Tintoretto. The Annunciation and Crucifixion* are the most conspicuous for beauty. In the upper one is another Crucifixion, by Tintoretto. These two magnificent rooms are splendidly adorned with the works of Paulo Veronese and Tintoretto, which alone would take a month to examine.

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* See Professor Fuzeli's powerful description of this wonderful picture in his lecture on colour.

To attempt giving a description in detail, of these fine works of art, would be folly. Flowery terms might easily be supplied. I might speak of brilliant colours, glowing tints, undulating lines, flowing draperies, melting softness, delightful gradation, &c. &c.; but which would be, for the greater part, unintelligible to the general reader, and sickening to the real lovers and judges of art. Indeed, in my opinion, very minute descriptions often denote a want of feeling for the subject; for what language can describe that which strikes every one with speechless rapture, and consequently must be indescribable? These must be seen to be enjoyed and properly appreciated.

All the buildings of Venice have much decoration, but crowded in too small a space. Palaces are seen enriched with columns of every order, and bedizened with every species of ornaments, often reminding us of a well decorated twelfth cake. Many of the towers and buildings in this city are out of the perpendicular, owing, no doubt, to the sandy soil.

When sitting in the square of St. Mark's,

surrounded by magnificence, and where every luxury can be commanded, to reflect where you are, in what city, the situation of that city, without a portion of earth properly appertaining to it, greatly excites our surprise; and we feel no small portion of pleasure and satisfaction in the ingenuity and perseverance of our species, in opposing and surmounting such apparent impossibilities.

My companions having gone to feed on frogs, dressed in a variety of ways, and to taste the Greek wines, I took advantage of being alone; and, in a gondola, moving about, I contemplated at leisure and with pleasure the change of scene. The views of Cagnaletti, that I have so often looked at with delight, I here enjoyed in reality. Occasionally thinking in what part of the world I was, added new interest to my enjoyment. I continued to glide about till sun-set; its golden rays tipping the turrets, towers, and steeples with sparkling lights, and filling with radiance the surrounding scene.

From the top of the square tower or belfry of St. Mark's, there is a fine view of the city and surrounding space. It was from here that Galileo made many observations. Although it is generally understood that there is no tide in the Mediterranean, yet, at Venice, there is one which perceptibly falls and rises about two feet.

In Venice, as in other cities which were republics, the inhabitants appear to have an air of independence, and a spirit, which not only remind one of their former high state, but one may fancy that they still enjoy it. However, in traversing their public squares, where cannons are planted and foreign soldiers keep guard, this last illusion is dissipated.

Here are theatres; but they are not all open, except during the carnival. One of their most curious exhibitions, is the puppet-show. Nothing can be more ridiculous; though, at the same time, nothing can be more laughable. It is a most excellent, but a very severe satire upon the strutting pigmies of the human

race. There is a degree of vexation attached to this exhibition, where we see our faults exhibited in so ludicrous a light, to see "humanity imitated so abominably"—though I must confess with great justice.

Cleanliness seems to be no part of the Italian's creed: every place is defiled; the churches even are not sacred from pollution, and the buildings attached to them abound in filth. Strong notices are put up to prevent this; and places are appointed where the people may deposit their rubbish and dirt, which, in time, may have the desired effect. I must not omit to mention the Arsenal, and the Manufactory of Beads, as worthy of notice.

This city is now degraded to a petty province, which formerly was the umpire of states, and commanded empires; degraded, not by its people, but by its *nobles*, who, although proffered the assistance of the first naval power in the world, and backed by Great Britain, a host in its name, with a dastardly spirit,

merely for the sake of their Italian estates, gave up their country to the enemy. Such is the Venetian nobility of the present day! How unlike their ancestors!

## CHAPTER XX.

### VENICE TO MILAN.

In consequence of a domestic affliction, I was now under the necessity of hastening home. Accordingly I packed up all my collections, from various parts of Italy, intending to travel post from Milan to England. We crossed to Fusina by night, where we slept; and, at dawn next morning, beheld a most lovely appearance over Venice, previously to the rising of the sun. The city, with its domes and spires, was relieved on a golden back ground, deeply tinged by a rich crimson; the sea catching the reflection of both, and the whole forming an assemblage of colour such as we had never before beheld. This was contrasted with the pale moon which was still shining.

We breakfasted at Padua, where, from the inconvenience of changing the carriage at almost every post, we left two

pictures; the loss of which we did not discover until we had advanced some miles. We were obliged to stop, as they were invaluable to the persons to whom they belonged. But there being neither horse nor carriage to be obtained, I was consequently under the necessity of walking back, exposed to the rays of a broiling sun, accompanied by our honest friend, who had engaged to carry us to Vicenza. I fortunately recovered them, and we proceeded to that city.

We were told that, having now entered the Austrian dominions, we had nothing more to fear from robbers and banditti; and we really felt it to be a very comfortable assurance, after the jeopardy in which we had hitherto travelled. We were informed also, that the regulation of the police was equal to that of the French; that the Austrian government was particularly severe against the disturbers of the public peace; and that the people were not here under the dominion of priests or of imbecile kings, but that there was *vigour* in the administration of *Austria*. Only think —let the reader repeat to himself again—

*Vigour* and *Austria*. Indeed the fertile state of the country through which we now passed, and the appearance of the towns, tended to assist this *imposition;* and we foolishly supposed ourselves and our property perfectly secure under such a *paternal* sway. We certainly had heard that the suite of one of the archdukes had been attacked, robbed, and a great part murdered; but then that was near Vienna, many miles from us. We saw, likewise, cannon planted in the squares of all the cities; but that might arise from this very desire to preserve the public peace, in keeping the tumultuous in awe; and although in this latter circumstance there was an appearance of despotism, yet, no doubt, it was for the public good. One thing must be said in favour of the Austrian provinces, that the officers of government were civil and obliging, and that we were free from those vexatious impositions which we so frequently met with in the petty governments of the southern and western parts of Italy.

Vicenza was the birth place of Palladio; and, on our entry, we hastened to his finest

work, the Olympic theatre, built according to the proportions transmitted by Vitruvius, by which the Greek theatres were constructed. Its form is similar to those we saw at Pompeii; and, from the association of ideas, our feelings on entering into it were delightful. There are three entrances from the stage on to the proscenium, besides the side doors. The scenes are models of building, reduced in perspective, which being fixed, there can be no change. This is somewhat farther, an imitation of the ancient Greeks, whose tragic representations used to be under the porticoes of temples, consequently the scene could never be varied; but a greater interest was excited than any change of scene could produce, by the spectators becoming, in part, actors; and this I believe to be the origin of the introduction of choruses in ancient tragedy. The scene is divided into three streets; but the actors could only enter by the side doors; for, as I have before observed, the scenic models being reduced in perspective, any attempt to advance on the proscenium, from either of the other openings, the dispropor-

tion of the figure to the buildings would render the appearance grotesque. At present, there are only concerts performed in this theatre. The orchestra occupies a small space in front of the proscenium; and from thence rows of seats rise in succession, taking the form of the theatre, which is a half circle. These are surmounted by niches filled with statues. The whole, from its proportions and simplicity, is elegant and beautiful.

This city is embellished with many of the works of Palladio, the grandest of which is the Pallazzo Publico; or, as it is sometimes significantly called, the Palace of Public Reason, being where justice is administered. The ladies here dress gaily; and have the same rage of driving up and down a narrow street, displaying their finery, as in other Italian cities. They appear, in many instances, to have an aversion to going beyond the walls for air and exercise. The country around is so fertile as usually to be called the Garden of Venice.

From Vicenza to Verona, we coasted the Alps, which divide Italy from Austria.

The situation of Verona is beautiful, at the foot of these mountains, divided by the Adige. The grand attraction in this city is its ancient amphitheatre, the most perfect known until that one discovered in the city of Pompeii. From the interior of this and the exterior of the Coloseum, we can form an idea of what each of them was in its most perfect state. With the exception of a small portion, the whole of the arcades which surrounded the building have disappeared, but the ranges of seats in the interior are in excellent preservation. The French, as usual, improved this building, by clearing the arena. It held above forty thousand spectators, including those who stood in the gallery. It must have been a grand sight to have seen such an assemblage. The lower arches or vomitores on the outside, are now let out to blacksmiths, farriers, and such like trades, under the miserable plea, that the trifling rent they pay may contribute to the preservation of the building. The disfigurement of this noble pile by these black and dirty vocations, is another instance of Italian feeling; while the

interior is *ornamented* with a trumpery theatre, as an emblem of their taste.

From the top of the walls we had a fine view of the Alps and the surrounding country, exciting every agreeable sensation; but, from the opposite side, looking down upon the city, the sight of cannons and soldiers, planted in the open squares, disgusted the mind and interrupted the harmony of thought.

Verona, from its clean appearance, reminded us of England. The greater part of these old cities, within the walls, are waste, or laid out in gardens and vineyards. This city can boast of a host of great men, among whose names are those of Vitruvius, Pliny, and Cornelius Nepos.

As we approached Peschiera, the Alps presented themselves in bolder forms and beautifully varied. Although drawing near to winter, the air, excepting at night and in the morning, was nearly as warm as usual, the sky as serene, and the sun as brilliant. Indeed, we had a succession of fair weather from the moment of our departure from England. This, we were told, was not uncommon in Italy, where there is

sometimes no rain for four or five months together.

The custom of smoking is universal in Italy. This we understood not to have been the case previously to the arrival of the French; but such is the influence of example in those we admire, that we are often apt to copy even their defects, as well as excellencies. So it has been with the Italians in the habit of smoking; and they certainly have not the plea of coldness of climate to excuse what is at best but a solitary amusement, and which the Italians are less in want of than any other people, from their natural liveliness and gaiety.

We soon had a sight of the Lago di Garda, and at Peschiera we embarked on it. To those who are fond of lakes, this presents a fine expanse of water bounded by the Alps, whose tops majestically rear themselves, and appear to usurp the dominion of the skies. To an inland inhabitant, who has not had an opportunity of comparing it with really grand objects, it may appear of prodigious extent; and may have some portion of the sublime, when

ruffled by tempests, such as are described by Virgil to occur at times. But to us, who had just come from the bay of Naples, it had more of a pleasing than a grand and magnificent character. We enjoyed our sail for some hours. From Desenzano there is a good view of the lake. It has all the character of being a most delightful retreat.

Being detained much longer than we intended on the lake, and there being nothing else particularly worthy of notice on our road to Milan, we inquired whether there would be any apprehension of danger in travelling all night; when we were assured by the post-master, that we had nothing to fear. Considerable alacrity was shown in setting us off, and we arrived at Brescia at ten o'clock at night. Foolishly confiding in the advice and information we had received, and, Englishmen like, thinking that so important a thing as travelling all night should be discussed and decided upon over a good dinner, we exposed our plan of operation to those who afterwards benefited by our imprudence. The suggestion of our robbery, which perhaps originat-

ed with the post-master, was no doubt finally fixed on here.

On our departure from Brescia, we considered it proper that two of us should always be on the watch, and that the baggage should be chained on in front. Unfortunately, on our arrival at Ospitaletto, where we changed carriages, with almost an inexcusable negligence, we allowed the postilion to overrule this resolution, and the baggage was, to all appearance, firmly chained on behind. Expecting no treachery from these people, we set off, satisfied that the chains could not be cut, and for an open attack we were prepared. Looking out now and then to see if we were followed, we travelled on in supposed security.

After we had advanced about two miles, I thought I perceived a diminution of the luggage, and calling loudly to the postilion, who found it convenient for some time not to hear me, the horses were at last stopped. On descending, I found the whole of our luggage gone, excepting one portmanteau. With only one pistol in my hand I instantly ran

back, and had hardly gone fifty yards when I found one of those missing, which I delivered to my companions. Making sure that I should find the others, I rapidly pursued my course, but without success, for a mile and a half. Arriving at two roads, and not knowing which to take, fatigued and almost exhausted with my exertions, I was compelled to give up the pursuit. Seating myself, therefore, I waited the coming of the carriage, which I supposed would return. The postilion, however, did not hurry himself; and it was near twenty minutes before I heard the rattling of the wheels. Joining my companions, we retraced our steps to Ospitaletto.

Our arrival there seemed not to be expected, and caused much bustle and apparent confusion. When we asked for the police, there was much whispering: many quickly went to the post-yard and returned; and at last they told us that no one could be seen until next morning. The postilion now informed us, that the country all around was infested by robbers; that there was no possibility, by reward or any

other way, of regaining possession of our property; that by the time the police would act, every thing would be removed; and therefore that we had much better pursue our journey. Not being disposed to put up with our loss so easily, we again asked for the police; but, instead of taking us there, they led us to the chief of the military guard, who obligingly called from his window, that he could do nothing for us; but that, if we wished to pursue our journey, and would handsomely reward the soldiers, he would order out an escort. As our only remaining chance was to wait, we refused to proceed, and returned to the post-yard, where, stretching ourselves on some of the carriages, we endeavoured to slumber. However, I was never less inclined to sleep: my loss was serious, inasmuch as I had lost all; and I felt keenly in consequence. Observing, in the gloom, the figure of a man passing along, then taking his shoes off, ascend a flight of wooden steps, I followed him; but the door at the top was instantly closed, and I only heard much whispering; he soon after retired with the same care and si-

lence. At six we went to the police. The head officer returned with us and took our depositions; and when I told him I had no doubt that we had been robbed by those at the post-house, he only asked what reward we would give, and *politely* wished us a good morning.

That I was right in my supposition as to the robbers, there is every reason to believe. Not a person was seen on the road we passed; nor, watchful as we were, would it have been possible for any one to have approached to have loosened the chain. It was very evidently done by these rascals at the moment of setting off; and as the carriage advanced, the luggage dropped off, which they watched the opportunity of picking up when we had gone a sufficient distance. Thus at once did I lose all my collections in Italy; medals, antiques, curiosities, drawings, manuscripts, and the whole of my wardrobe; so that, a thousand miles from home, I was dependent on others for a change of linen. The latter loss, however, was by far the least consideration: the first town would

supply my wants in that particular, while that of the others was irremediable.

As we advanced to Milan on an excellent road, the sight of fields of the most verdant green, and the lovely odour of new mowed hay, which scented the air delightfully, tended to subdue some part of those unpleasant feelings which the loss I had sustained might naturally be expected to cause. What a Paradise is this earth, if we could but bring ourselves to enjoy it as we ought, whose appearance only, blunts the edge of sorrow and softens affliction!

# CHAPTER XXI.

## MILAN.

MILAN, raised by Dioclesian to be the seat of Roman empire, produced one grand step towards the fall of Rome. What Dioclesian and Maximian began, Constantine completed, by transferring the imperial power to Byzantium. Nothing now remains of the ancient grandeur of this city, excepting some columns which formerly belonged to the remains of a public bath.

Being on the boundary of Italy, it has been continually exposed to the ravages of war: often has it fallen beneath barbarous invaders, and as often has it risen again in splendour. It has suffered much also by intestine discords; but still it remains one of the handsomest cities of Italy.

Under Napoleon it became the capital of the kingdom of Italy; and the finishing of the cathedral, the Milanese exultingly

show you as a monument of his taste. This noble pile far exceeds the gaudy tinsel of St. Peter's: it pretends to be nothing more than what it is,—a Gothic building; while St. Peter's is a Grecian structure built in a Gothic taste. What I should hence infer is, that the character of a Grecian building being simplicity, much ornament and decoration is inconsistent. On the other hand, almost a profusion of ornament is admissible in a Gothic structure, but still subservient to breadth of mass.

The cathedral of Milan was founded in 1386, but a great part remained unfinished in the sixteenth century; and, among many other celebrated men, Pelligrino Tibaldi sent in a design for the façade, which was preferred; but he was soon afterwards prevented from going on with the work. This, perhaps, was fortunate; for the mixture of the two styles, Grecian and Gothic, would have destroyed the beauty of both. Indeed, it is partly seen now in front, a small portion of the Grecian having been suffered to remain. To the credit of their taste, who finished this

work, it has been done according to its original design. The funds formerly devoted for its completion were diverted to another purpose by the emperor Joseph, and the edifice was falling rapidly to decay. It was reserved for the late emperor Napoleon to rescue from destruction the pride of the Milanese, and give a finish in a few years to a building which had been for ages delayed, and which, it is probable, but for him would never have been completed. There are about this edifice above five thousand statues: the basso relievoes which have been added to its base are well designed, and executed in good taste: it is adorned with innumerable niches and numberless spires, each niche and spire having its statue.

The roof is of marble, and from a spire rising from the centre, there is a fine extended view over the plains of Lombardy. I doubt whether the exterior is such pure Gothic as the eastern part of Westminster Abbey, although it is perhaps more imposing in its appearance.

In a subterranean chapel is the body of St. Charles Borromeo, the patron saint of

Milan; a man of most exemplary character. The whole edifice is of white marble, and forms an assemblage of sculpture and various kinds of workmanship, superior perhaps to any building in the world.

What is called the lodge of the emperor, close to the arena of Buonaparte, is a simple and elegant building. The paintings in imitation of basso relievoes are admirably well executed. The arena or amphitheatre is of greater extent than the Coloseum; but it has not been completed according to the original design. At the time Napoleon was crowned king of Italy, a naumachia and other diversions were exhibited here, the pleasing recollection of which the Milanese appear to treasure in their memories. Near here commences the grand road to the Simplon. A triumphal arch was erecting in honour of Buonaparte; but which, from the change of affairs, remains unfinished. It is said that the emperor of Austria has it in contemplation to have it completed. What is seen of this monument is grand; the sculpture is beautifully designed and

finished, and the basso relievoes, with the various architectural ornaments shown in the sheds surrounding the arch, are in general well executed: the subjects are principally events in the life of him to whom the arch was dedicated.

Of the pictures in the *Brera*, or Palace of the Fine Arts, little can be said. The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Dominican convent, is much injured; not, as it has been maliciously asserted, by the French firing at it, but by the damp and want of care.

At the theatre La Scala we enjoyed a high treat. The singing was such as might be expected in an Italian theatre, and the ballet was the finest we had seen. The French opera is perhaps altogether as captivating a sight as can be witnessed; but the space on the stage at this theatre so fully allows for the developement of scenery, that it imparts perhaps a grander character. The scenes were magnificent; the dancers were excellent; and the most complex, though tasteful figures, were executed with the most admirable precision.

The theatre, or audience part, has no

lights, the scene being illumined from the proscenium; this mode produces a delightful scenic effect. The admission to the pit is only a franc and a half.

Near every city in Italy that has been immediately under the dominion of the French, walks and rides, in the most pleasant part of the environs, have been established. Such are those at Milan, where the inhabitants occasionally assemble. The inns and coffee-houses are good: the coffee brought to you is, in general, boiled in milk, and of a fine flavour. The streets have a foot-path on each side, and rows of flat stones in the centre, forming railways for the carriage wheels to run on, while the space intervening is paved as usual for the horses; thus you are free from that jolting which is so unpleasant in the streets of Paris and of London.

There was an appearance of civilization, if I may use the term, in Milan, which the more southern cities of Italy cannot aspire to. Every thing seemed better conducted; and, from what we learned, there was a mildness in the administration of Austria, although the people bitterly com-

plain of the want of trade. From the accounts we had, the difference between the French and the Austrian governments must be severely felt. Every franc raised by the French in the Milanese territory was spent in the state, either in what was more immediately useful, or in its decoration. Now, on the contrary, all the money drawn by the Austrians is laid out in Germany, thus impoverishing the Italian province. The soldiers also, who used to be clothed with the produce of Italy are now furnished from Austria, consequently the manufactories of the former country decline: this is but a single instance of the system which, we understood, is at present generally pursued.

The inhabitants of Milan appear intelligent; and civility is universal. The women have, in general, a pleasing cast of features. I must again observe, as far as my own experience went, that Englishmen are treated in the Austrian dominions with greater distinction than in any of the other states of Italy.

Although, from some mistakes of our

ministers, the English nation seemed to have lost, to a certain degree, that high hold on men's minds it formerly possessed; still it was with feelings of the greatest satisfaction I observed, that distinction of virtuous integrity, which is considered the characteristic of the English, was still acknowledged and respected, as the following instance will illustrate. Being in a coffee-house, I was making some trifling purchases of a man who afterwards appeared anxious to show me something that he had concealed. He then whispered to an Italian gentleman sitting near to me, who immediately shook his head, and said aloud, "No, he is an Englishman." The fellow made his bow and retired. Even had my curiosity been alive, the compliment he paid my country would have been sufficient to repress it.

In no part of Italy do the people appear to be restricted in their opinions, but express themselves freely of persons; and that *abominable* name Buonaparte is more often repeated, and with very different feelings, than in England. The statues

and resemblances of himself and family are publicly exhibited; and what is a much stronger instance of the feeling in his favour, is, that the whole of the money coined and issued at the present moment by Austria, still bears his effigy and superscription. His name, therefore, being so intimately connected with all that relates to Italy, will be some apology to the reader (if apology there need) for its being so often repeated in this volume.

We were now preparing to recross the Alps; and this being the last city we should visit, I must, in justice to Italy, make one remark. Whatever may be the private vices of its inhabitants, of which we have read or heard so much; this at least may be said in their favour, that they must be sought for: we saw nothing of them. Italy also has this to boast of over the more northern nations; that, without having the vice of drunkenness, and without pretending to be more virtuous than the rest of mankind, delicacy and modesty are not insulted and disgusted by the scenes of prostitution and debauchery, which we too

frequently meet with in the streets of Paris and London. Vice there has at least the negative quality of hiding its head.

# CHAPTER XXII.

## PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON.

ITALY! farewell—thy sun has set, never perhaps to rise again. Thy hills, once covered with verdure, are for the greater part barren. Thy fields are wasted; and nought is seen but a neglected soil, and a thinly scattered and degraded population*. Italy, once so lovely, situated in a most favoured clime, where nature was ever spontaneously bounteous, has now little to boast but of what she was.—Governments without power, and a lawless people with all the appearance of banditti, are now its characteristics.

Although oppressed for some days from the loss I had sustained, yet the calm that succeeded was perfectly luxurious. No cares, no anxieties about property to dis-

* This more particularly applies to the other side of the Apennines.

turb it, my mind was left to the full enjoyment of itself. I had lost all I possessed at that time; and I became almost convinced that, in the possession of property, so much the object of all mankind, there is more trouble than pleasure. I considered that a man, with a crust of bread, a blanket, and a mind free from the shackles of ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and despotism, and open at all times to conviction, must be happy; and under this persuasion, I felt a degree of compassion for those whom I saw agitated about the safe disposal of their several packages. In robbing me, the depredators had relieved me from the cause of much vexation; while I was left in possession of my thoughts, full of delightful images, that will be the solace of my future hours, and of which, death alone can deprive me.

The road to the Simplon commences at the triumphal arch at Milan. It is bordered by walnut and chesnut trees, and continues through vineyards and plantations of mulberry trees to Sesto. We crossed the Tiseno, where Hannibal had his first battle with Scipio. The Lago

Maggiore, so called from being the principal of the three lakes of Lombardy, was now before us:—at Arona, the grand road to the Alps begins; it is perfectly horizontal. The bridges which cross the streams are simple in form, and appear capable of everlasting duration.

Soon after passing Arona, the bronze statue of St. Charles Borromeo, seventy feet high, is seen on a mount to the left. The road coasts the Lago Maggiore, which presents a fine appearance to Fariola. We embarked, and visited the Borromean Isles, whose situation and appearance are extremely beautiful. On the bark of a laurel, the trees of which species are here very fine, the word *Bataille* was pointed out to us, as cut by Buonaparte two days before the battle of Marengo: it is now scarcely legible. He slept that night in the palace of Borromeo. These isles are very celebrated; but one of my friends, who had visited those on Loch Lomond, thought that the Scottish isles were infinitely superior.

Near Fariola is the quarry whence the marble was taken for the building of the

cathedral at Milan: blocks of an immense size are seen. From Fariola, the road, which is hard and smooth, begins to ascend; but so gentle is the rise as scarcely to be perceptible. It is raised and flanked by posts of granite, and mountains ascend on each side. After passing Domo d'Osola, we entered the defiles.

Here begin the grand works of the Simplon, by a magnificent bridge reaching from one mountain to another. It unites strength and beauty. The first gallery is small; but the rocks hang in terrific forms, while the roar of waters assails your ears. We examined the manner in which the rocks are blown up. Deep holes are bored into them, about the size of a musket barrel, into which the powder is firmly rammed, and then set fire to; the explosion is great. The labour and expense in making these excavations must be prodigious.

The scenery, as we advanced, increased in grandeur: streams, gushing from on high on every side, formed a beautiful sight; while the roar of the Doveria heightened the effect of this desolate scene. It ap-

peared astonishing to find so fine a road in such a region. These mountains are composed of marble, with which the roads are mended. We observed an immense column of a single block, intended for the triumphal arch of Napoleon at Milan. It seems they are fashioned here, and then conveyed to their place of destination. Buonaparte still lives in the recollections of these people. Speak of him, and they utter exclamations of love and admiration: say that you admire him, and there is no attention too great for you.—He certainly must have had extraordinary talents to have taken such firm hold on men's minds.

When we considered that the passage had heretofore been made on mules, the excellence of this route continually excited our admiration. As we advanced, objects the most beautiful arrested our sight, ever varied in their character, and producing alternate emotions of delight and awe. Rocks, broken in their form, are suspended over the road; while streams of water, issuing from above, glide down

the smooth sides of others, in the similitude of strings of pearly necklaces.

The gallery of Gondo is the principal excavation in this pass; and by what a scene of magnificent grandeur is it surrounded! Standing on a bridge which leads to the grotto, thrown over a deep chasm, the Doveria from a height behind falls in an immense body, and tumbling through the arch beneath with prodigious force into the deep abyss, disperses its foam and spray in every direction. The cavern is on the right; and in front are ridges of barren rock, sprinkled here and there with a solitary pine, ascending to the skies, the clouds hiding their summits. The roar of the falling waters combined with such scenery was terrific.

This gallery is above six hundred feet in length, cut through the solid rock, which is of granite. At the other end the view is fine; mountains of stone, fearful in their height, approach each other; while, in the almost impenetrable gulf below, a torrent is heard roaring and struggling in the narrow space within which its progress is con-

fined. Every thing here is of tremendous magnitude; rocks cleft asunder, and spread about with trees blasted and broken by the lightning's flash.

From here we mounted still higher, and reached the clouds: the torrent that met us fell into a depth that we could not penetrate. Still ascending, the same scenery continued:

> " New mountains on new mountains rise,
> And tipt with snow they touch the skies."

Their height here is so great, and the valley is so narrow, that the road is darkened, the sun never enlivening it with its genial rays.

The gallery of Algoby, cut, like the last, through the granite, two hundred feet long, and very capacious, is the next work of art; and, on emerging from this, evening closed in upon us. We then began to wind up the mountains, and entering the clouds, soon saw them beneath us, floating in fanciful shapes, and continually varying their forms; some joining into greater masses, others dissolving, vanished into air, " leaving not a rack behind." Lights

which appeared like little stars, were seen here and there, gleaming through the evening's mist from the mountaineers' huts; and the stars themselves, from the height of our situation, we fancied appeared larger. The moon soon after rose, shedding its silver rays, which were reflected back from the mountain's snowy cliffs; and the whole scene was illumined by a thousand sparkling lights. Such was our ascent of the Simplon.

We arrived at this village before we expected; our ascent had been so gradual, and we were so lost in the contemplation of the beauties by which we were surrounded. The air was keen; and, as we walked nearly all the way, our clothes were wet with the vapours through which we had passed.

In this desert, so far from the general habitations of men, we had the best supper and the best breakfast that we had enjoyed for some time. The utmost civility and the greatest attention were shown. German is better understood here than any other language. The women have an air of simplicity, with extreme good nature,

which showed their pretty features to the best advantage.

The mountain of the Simplon received its name from Cepio Servilius, a Roman consul, who brought his legions as far as here against the Cimbri, a people of Germany, who threatened Italy on this side.

On the Simplon is a lake, the water of which partly runs into Italy, and partly towards France, giving rise to one branch of the Rhone.

From the window of my chamber nothing was seen but the whitened pointed tops of mountains; and, on our departure from the village of the Simplon, we ascended until we reached these snowy regions. Here we clambered up to the glaciers or icy ridges, " those ever during mounds." The cold was piercing. Numbers of crosses are seen where travellers have perished.

Continuing our route, the Hospice was considerably below us, as well as the line of the old path, which is still seen, but it can only be compared to a sheep track. From the Hospice, they send out in the winter dogs, trained for the purpose, with lanterns and baskets of provisions, to seek

for the way-worn traveller. We descended from hence by many windings, on a gentle declivity, passing through other galleries, into the beautiful valley of the Rhone, and soon after arrived at Brigg.

We had now passed this grand monument of human labour. To finish this work with greater rapidity, there was consumed by the mines 175,000 pounds of gunpowder: there were three thousand men constantly employed. Fifty bridges have been constructed. Indeed it would be hardly possible to describe the number of different works which have been executed in this route, or the materials that have been used. The aqueducts which adorn, the walls by which it is sustained and flanked, the rocks which have been thrown down or worked through, all concur to render it worthy of the genius under whose auspices such innumerable difficulties were surmounted, and by which an undertaking has been accomplished which must excite universal admiration.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

## VALLEY OF THE RHONE, GENEVA.

Brigg is situated in a valley, surrounded by mountains, some of which are covered with snow. The Rhone passes through it. Many of the inhabitants are much afflicted with *goitres*; and their appearance is truly pitiable. At all the inns an album is kept, where each writes his name and his thoughts. The observations chiefly relate to the bad and good fare at the several places of entertainment, and similar objects for which it is certainly worth travelling. To these scientific remarks are added many complaints against various individuals; but there is a rogue of a post-master at Domo d'Ossala who comes in for the greatest share of abuse. The postilions here, as I believe in every other country, are in league with some inn, to which they insist upon taking you. But the sturdiness of John Bull, upon this

point, when he has another recommendation, produces some curious and laughable contests. On our arrival, a party, who had been driven against their will to a particular house, were dragging their own carriage through the streets, the postilions having taken away the horses, and refused their aid.

In passing the Simplon, we were fortunate in falling in with an English colonel and his family, accompanied by an elegant young officer, who were returning from the Ionian Islands. The many happy hours I spent in their company I shall always recollect with pleasure. Replete with information, liberal in sentiment, and possessing a fund of anecdote, I was so entranced, that when we parted, I might have exclaimed,

> " So sweet they left their voices on my ear,
> That listening still I seem'd to hear."

We met with many English families crossing the Simplon, who were going to pass the winter in the warmer clime of Italy.

The valley of the Rhone is beautiful, and

distinguished for the luxuriancy of its vegetation. Following the course of the Rhone, we passed the valleys of Sass and St. Nicholas, and arrived at Tourtemagne, beyond which is a curious waterfall. The fortress of Sion is prettily situated; and Sion is distinguished by its cleanliness, and consequently its comfort. We hailed these luxuries with the more pleasure, as we had some *faint* recollection of once having enjoyed them. The women are universally pretty, and their style of dress adds to their interesting appearance. The town is picturesque, and the surrounding scenery of a most pleasing character. The fruit was in abundance, dropping to the ground from ripeness; and the trees were still so loaded, as to render it necessary to support them with props. The owners allowed us, for a trifle, to eat of their finest grapes, and to fill the pockets of the carriages with chesnuts, walnuts, apples, and pears.

One of the most beautiful appearances in passing the Alps, is to see the clouds resting on the mountains, and their gradual dispersion as the sun becomes more

powerful. Passing Martigny, a large body of water rushes from the bottom of a mountain and forms a river; and, a little further, is a singularly fine cascade, which falls three hundred feet. The valley of the Rhone, although wide, is considered the lowest in Switzerland, while the mountains, by which it is bordered are the highest.

In all the places we had visited, Nature was ever the same, lovely and beneficent. It is man, and man only, who renders one spot or country worse than another. The same Paradise is bestowed on the civilized and the uncivilized savage, on the rulers and on the ruled; and it is only our own bad passions which prevent us enjoying the gifts of Providence, and of pouring forth our adorations to the Supreme Being, for the beauty and endless variety of the numberless gifts his bounty has lavished upon us.

We now parted with our new friends, who intended journeying through Switzerland, and soon after approached the Lake of Geneva. The Rhone empties itself into the lake, and its stream is seen passing through the centre, until it opens itself a

new passage at Geneva, from whence it flows to Lyons, and discharges itself into the Mediterranean near Marseilles.

The villages which border the lake are chiefly inhabited by fishermen, and their nets line the shore. As we passed along, a succession of agreeable objects presented themselves: Shelving rocks, high mountains, pretty women, picturesque villages, a fine expanse of water; and, on the other side of which, were Switzerland's blue hills, interspersed with towns, the principal being that of Lausanne. Almost satiated with delights, we arrived at Geneva.

On entering this city, it seemed like returning to one's native country, to hear the French language commonly spoken.

Geneva has been termed the republic of literature: from its press has issued much to enlighten mankind, and its professors have always been celebrated. It has been distinguished by the excellency of its laws, regulations, and establishments of various kinds. It is delightfully situated. The view from the Boulevards or promenade is engaging: an extensive vale lies before you, surrounded by hills richly cultivated,

and interspersed with country-houses. The Jura mountains are on one side, and the Alps, with Mont Blanc, rearing its white summit above the rest, are on the other.

On the opposite side of the town, the lake is seen bounded by the Alps, and the picturesque hills of Switzerland. It has become a favourite residence of the English; and how great was our gratification on seeing so many of our lovely countrywomen.

There is a charm about an Englishwoman that rivets the thoughts, and inclines one to say, surely of such must angels be composed.

The manufactory of watches, musical boxes, &c. is particularly celebrated. Whole days may be spent in examining these curiosities. The elegance with which they are fashioned, the delicacy of the workmanship, the clearness and correctness of the notes, the harmony of sound, and the exquisite taste with which they are made to execute the most difficult tunes, with the most beautiful variations, are beyond description. This constitutes one of the principal trades of the city.

The inns are good and the charges reasonable. At this late period of the year, strawberries and raspberries were seen in the dessert, gathered from the neighbouring Alps. They were small in size, but of a pleasant flavour. We had experienced rain only twice during our journey; once at Rome, and once at Milan; but the clouds had been gathering for some days, and they now discharged their burthen in torrents, which continued almost without interruption until our arrival in England. Being once more in France, we threw ourselves in a carriage, and enjoyed that luxury, which minds free from apprehension only can know. We crossed the Jura mountains, from the top of which we looked down on Geneva and the lake; the more distant Alps spread themselves, and beyond, was Mont Blanc, towering its head far above the rest. On the other side we had an extensive view of the province of Jura. We now left all those tremendous scenes which we had contemplated with so much delight, and with which our imaginations had been so filled, and entered upon a vast plain. Throwing myself back in the car-

riage, and closing my eyes to prevent interruption, tumultuous joy filled my thoughts, the nearer I approached home. Alas! how short-lived is bliss!

We passed in succession Ferney, the retreat of Voltaire, where we saw his house; Genlis, and Dijon; the last is a large, well built, clean, and populous city. We saw more persons wearing wooden shoes there than in any town we had gone through. After passing Dijon, on looking back, we beheld the snowy top of Mont Blanc above the Jura Mountains, being near two hundred miles distance. Arriving at Paris, where I left my friends to enjoy its pleasures, I hastened to London.

# CHAPTER XXIV.

## CONCLUSIVE OBSERVATIONS.

The want of proper governments is universally felt in Italy. To compare it with France, is to contrast a state of happiness with that of the damned. In the one, all is order, comfort, and security; in the other all is anarchy. This is owing to the admission, as a general principle, of what is called legitimacy. The folly of this system as a universal one, is here fully exemplified, and lamentable are its effects. To say that any state or nation belongs to a particular family, is on the very face of it absurd; and, indeed, in the present day, needs only to be mentioned to be laughed at. But that England, which has always been an example of good sense and liberality, should patronise this system, seems to astonish the world.

The great and real objects of govern-

ments should be the safety and happiness of the people. It is for this that governments are created. It is for this pledge of security, that millions are paid for their support; and if the object of their institution be not attained, the people, on a principle of right, the contract being broken, may refuse further contribution, until another more efficient is constituted. This is the first and fundamental law, abstractedly considered, of the relationship between the governors and the governed; and it is upon this broad basis, that all differences between them should be settled.

In Great Britain, in France, and in America, this is acted upon; but in Italy, the governments think but of the emoluments of office, without making that return which the people naturally and in justice expect. Hence arise the complaints that are daily made, and the desire expressed, for the return of that power, which, however much it might exact for itself, gave protection to persons and property.

The French, whatever may be said to

the contrary, are universally looked up to by the Italians, and their government constantly eulogized and regretted. The only thing they seem to have been averse to, was the conscription. At present, the authority is in the hands of weak persons, incapable of much exertion: satisfied with the incomes they draw, they are unwilling, or possibly unable, to wield the power with which they are intrusted, even to their own real advantage. The consequence is, that their authority is defied in the most unequivocal manner, and the best part of the community is weighed down by excessive taxation. The soldiers cannot be depended upon; and as a further instance of this, the Pope has lately lost three pieces of cannon, in fighting against the brigands; and the robbery of Lieutenant-Colonel Herries, with the murder of the postilion, are only additional proofs of the weakness and inefficacy of the existing governments. Indeed, there are few, if any governments of the present day, that appear capable of meeting the improved intellect of the people. Wherever we look now, the contest ap-

pears to be between the governed and their governors; between improvement of understanding, and common place ability; between liberality of feeling, and narrowness of mind; between the enlightened state of public thinking, and the blindness of superstition and bigotry.

The French, according to all accounts, had much improved Italy. Order and security are described as having been perfectly established. The licentious were not only restrained, but subdued. Assassination, so frequent before they arrived, seldom, and at last, never occurred. Improvements were daily made, not only in the general state of society, but in the private habits of the people. The roads were repaired, or new ones made; thus accelerating the frequency of communication with all parts of the country. The police was excellently well regulated, affording security to the traveller, as well as to the inhabitants. With respect to the brigands, the French used to send cavalry to scour the country, and caused numbers to patrole the roads, by which they soon cleared the provinces of those depre-

dators. Instead of which, at the present moment, there are only some foot soldiers stationed at every eight or ten miles distance, whose business appears to be to receive information of robberies *after* they have been committed, and to remove the dead bodies of those who are assassinated. The horses which may happen to be killed are left to be devoured by the wolves and birds, their mangled remains offending the sight of all who pass.

However, one of these improvements, the governments who have succeeded the French have had the good sense to continue, the lighting of the streets with reflecting-lamps. These give a much better light than London could boast of before the introduction of the gas. We may easily conceive, that nothing could be more miserable than the state of the streets before the arrival of the French; they then depended entirely for their light upon the small lamps or tapers, which the piety of individuals placed before the pictures or the statues of the Virgin; looking, according to Dante's description, like so so many "souls glimmering in hell," and

serving only to make the "darkness more visible." But many other improvements, relating to the protection and security of the people, and such as contribute to their comfort and happiness, seem to be very little regarded.

We are indebted to the French for almost all the excavations and clearing away of the rubbish, which had accumulated round some of the finest monuments of Roman antiquity; though their successors have modestly taken the credit to themselves, and had their names inscribed in large letters as the executors of those excellent improvements.

During our stay in Italy, we were often compelled to remain at night in such places, that it appeared very uncertain whether, if we once lay down, we should ever rise again. But, as sleep was absolutely necessary, and considering that our fate was in the hands of an all-directing Power, I usually laid myself down in perfect confidence, and slept sound and tranquil.

Notwithstanding, however, all these defects, which I have thus freely enume-

rated, the Italians have undoubtedly fine qualities, and possess those essential requisites, intelligence and enterprise, which would make them a great nation, if it were not for the wretchedness of their governments. But, in consequence of these qualities not being directed to proper objects, the genius of the country vents itself in predatory exploits and acts of barbarism, or sinks into the indifference of sloth.

The French are a nation that we have been too much in the habit of vilifying, because they have been *termed* our natural enemies. But what should make them so?—and, if they are, what has caused it?—not any actual enmity or hostility arising from the mass of the people, but the pride, ambition, and bad passions of the rulers of each country, who, to further their own purposes, have promoted dissension and animosity. However, a time will assuredly come, when there will not be found four fools, to follow another fool; whether his name be emperor, king, or by whatever title he

may be designated, to war upon their fellow-creatures.

Many, I have no doubt, taking advantage of this feeling of prejudice against the French, have fed it by absurd relations, with the sinister end of promoting the sale of their publications. They have described the French as being without heart, without feeling; as if they were the *only* persons who might be thus characterized. From my own experience, I have found that they have heart, feeling, and sympathy. In proof of this, I will relate one instance of the many I could give of their kindness and goodness of heart. I may be pardoned for mentioning, that I had no other acquaintance in Paris, but from letters of introduction, when I first visited it, which led me into different circles. But it was no sooner known, on my return from Italy, that I had been robbed, than I had offers of money to any amount made me, with a fervour and a cordiality truly English. Let this be an answer to the general calumnies heaped upon that nation.

There is a characteristic vivacity in the French, which is even enviable, inasmuch, as it enables them to sustain with good-humour, existing circumstances, whatever they may be. I doubt much, from what we have lately seen, whether they can be charged with that *mutability* of temper, which has been endeavoured to be established against them. There are evidently two parties in France, but one is far greater than the other; the neutrals, which will be found, in all states, fill up the mass. A French servant that I had in Paris, may be an example of the latter, who occasionally sung songs in favour of Napoleon. One day, when Louis was passing to review the troops, she bawled out most lustily, *Vive le Roi!* and when I asked her, how she came to change her sentiments, and whether she would not have called *Vive l'Empereur!* if it had been Buonaparte; she said, "*Oh, oui, c'est égal à moi.*"

I have before had occasion to speak of the superiority of the lower classes in France; and I must not omit to add, that the French servants are distinguished by

their fidelity, honesty, and good-humour; any thing like sulkiness is never seen, and it would be an insult to the whole nation to speak of their sobriety.

The politeness of the French may be said to be carried at times "to excess;" but I imagine, it is far better that it should be so, than to experience that brutal behaviour which is often exhibited in our own country.

The driver of our cabriolet wishing to know the direction to a place, addressed a mason, with the accustomed appellation of monsieur, who had a hod on his shoulder, and a trowel in his hand; taking off his cocked-hat at the same time, as he bent his body forward. The mason immediately putting his trowel into his left hand, took off his tremendous hat, a match for our coachman's, and in the politest terms answered his question; when, mutually bowing with many compliments, they wished each other a good morning.

With another anecdote I shall hasten to conclude. Some English gentlemen, who, on their first visit, were set down in Paris early one morning, went into a barber's

to get rid of their beards; when the style in which the man set about it, and the quickness with which he despatched the operation, were something similar to what Matthews exhibits on our stage—*Un, deux, trois, quatre : c'est finis.* Two of them got through it very well; but the third (who was noted for the extreme nicety of his appearance), whether the sight had made him nervous, and that he moved or shrunk from the razor, the first stroke cut a large gash on his upper lip. His fury, at this ravage committed upon his beauty, may be supposed to have been extreme; and the scene between him and the barber was in the highest degree ludicrous. To add to his mortification, he was obliged to wear, all the time he was in Paris, an immense piece of sticking-plaster, which nearly covered the whole of his lip.

After having seen all the delights of France and Italy, England is only still dearer to an Englishman's heart. The country that has produced a Bacon, a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Newton, and a Locke; that was the birth place of Rey-

nolds, and which now possesses a Davy, and a constellation of the brightest stars in art and science, must be ever dear to its citizens. Although there may be errors, the excellence of its laws and establishments are the envy of the world. Let those who have a desire to forsake their country know, that England is the only place in which an Englishman can reside. We have neither the rude and violent democracy of America; nor the insolence of the aristocracy of the continent. England still remains the boast of Britons, whose greatest pride should be the being so, and in being born in this enlightened age.

But hush! let this be whispered among ourselves; for if it comes to the ears of *ministers*, they will presume upon it, and increase our taxation.

# GENERAL DIRECTIONS

## IN

# TRAVELLING.

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THE traveller will find diligences to convey him to all parts of France; and if he crosses Mont Cenis to Italy, he can proceed by them from Lyons to Turin, and from thence to Milan or Genoa. Since the dismemberment of Geneva from France, the same facility of communication has been somewhat interrupted. He will be conveyed to Dôle in a comfortable carriage, but from thence to Geneva he will not have to boast of the convenience, although he may be booked at Paris for that city. The best place in Paris for engaging places in the diligences to any part of France, is at the Hotel des Messageries, rue Notre Dame des Victoires.

With respect to the other route to Italy from Geneva, you can cross the Simplon as far as Domo d'Osola, whence you can proceed to Milan by *the* post or courier. From Milan to Venice there is also a diligence; and there ends the public conveyances of that kind in Italy.

## MODES OF TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

There are three modes of travelling in Italy:—With the courier who conveys the letters; by post, in which case it is necessary to have a carriage of your own; or, by the Vetturini. The first is the best for one or two individuals, especially if expedition be their object; while, in the present state of Italy, it is the safest mode. The second is pleasant for a party, who may desire to make excursions as they pass along; but it is necessary that one of them should be well acquainted with the Italian language,* otherwise there will be no end

* They often brought the tarif in support of some exorbitant demand, supposing that neither of us understood Italian, and would point out a passage, and even pretend

to the impositions and exactions. The third mode is the best for those who have most time and least money, whether as it regards an individual or a party.

## WITH THE COURIER.

The application to travel with the courier should invariably be made at the post-office, where the charges may be generally ascertained. But if there should be more than one person, then there is an opportunity of making a bargain with the courier; though perhaps the interposition of an Italian friend, who is aware of their finesse, will be necessary to ensure success. The charges are in general high, but they include all demands from the guards and post-boys; at least that should be perfectly understood at the time. If this be omitted in the written agreement, the expense will be increased by one half; and even then these insatiate cormorants will be clamorous for more. All donations to

to translate it, though we saw that it related to another subject.

the soldiers and postilions should be resisted from the first, and then you are never troubled during the rest of the journey; for they always inform each other whom they have to contend with; and, as I before observed, the English are more liable to these attacks than any other nation.

## POSTING.

If a party determine to travel post, the best way is to purchase a *new* carriage at Paris; and, on their arrival in Italy, to buy the latest post guide, in which will be found the regular charges for horses and postilions, the distance of the posts, &c.

## VETTURINI.

The Vetturini are a class of men who will engage to convey you to any distance, and to accomplish it in a certain time. They seldom go more than thirty miles a day, and always sleep on the road. An agreement may be made with them to stop one, two, or more days at any particular place in the route. They will like-

wise engage to give you a supper and bed each night, which is by far the best plan, as it relieves you from much trouble, and at least limits extortion to one person, instead of extending it to a host. Besides, there is an opportunity of calculating before the bargain is concluded. In all the great cities, there are always numbers of these persons ready to offer themselves; and from them you may obtain some idea as to the average charge to any particular place. With the exception (which however is not peculiar to themselves) that they will endeavour to get as much as they can, they are, in general, an honest, civil, and obliging class. But, to secure their good behaviour, it is necessary *always* to have a written agreement, and *never* to pay more than *half* the money until you have safely arrived at the place of your destination. *On no account whatever swerve from this rule.* Should any dispute arise at any time, ask to be conducted to the police, although, if it be not in a principal city, there is but little hope of redress.

Those who wish to have the most pleas-

ing idea of Italy, should enter either from Geneva by Milan, which is also the shortest route; or, if by Mont Cenis, they should go from Turin or Genoa to Parma; because, in approaching by those roads to Rome, they will see the best parts of the country first, and gradually be introduced to its deserts, and become inured to its filth.

## MONEY.

The circulating currency is different in every state; and you will be almost bewildered with their numbers, divisions, and designations. The Piedmontese varies from the Genoese, and the last from every other. The coins of Tuscany are different from the Roman, and each again differs from the Neapolitan. The Venetian coins, and those of the kingdom of Italy, approach nearer to the French.

The best way will be to count by francs or livres on this side the Apennines, which are worth 10*d*. English; and on the other side, by paoli, worth about *5d*.

In Tuscany they count by sequins, worth twenty paoli. In the Roman states,

by crowns, worth ten paoli. In Naples they count by carlini, worth 4½*d.*

The French manner of counting by decimals guides nearly all the rest.

## TUSCANY.

| | | | Francs | Sous | English | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sequin | — | 20 Paoli | 10 | — | 8*s.* | 4*d* |

## ROME.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Silver Crown | — | 10 Paoli | 5 | — | 4 | 2 |
| Paoli | — | 10 Baiocchi | — | 10 | — | 5 |
| Half ditto | — | 5 Ditto | — | 5 | — | 2½ |

## NAPLES.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ducat | — | 10 Carlini | — | — | 3 | 9 |
| Carlini | — | 10 Grani | — | — | — | 4½ |
| Half ditto | — | 5 Ditto | — | — | — | 2¼ |

The Spanish crown, equal in value to the Roman crown, will pass any where. The principal gold coins are the old louis d'or, worth twenty-four francs, or one pound sterling; and the single and double Napoleons, of twenty and forty francs each.

In advancing into Italy your money seems to increase in value; but, in returning, it is as well not to carry the coin of one state into another, as you will suffer a loss. The best way for every one is, to deposit a certain sum in the hands of Messrs. Hammersley, and take from them letters of credit.

## LUGGAGE.

I need hardly say that the less luggage a person takes the better; and indeed travellers may be assured, that if they can put what they want in a *sac-de-nuit*, they will save themselves infinite vexation, much delay, and great expense. For if they have the most trifling box, they will subject themselves to be continually stopped, and there will be no end to the impositions practised. A complete suit of nankeen, or some similar kind of dress, with a cap of the same, I should recommend to every traveller in Italy, particularly in summer, made loose, but secured in some way within the shoes, so as to prevent the fleas getting to the legs.

## HOTELS.

When you are going to remain long in a place, always take private lodgings; but the following is a list of good hotels:

Lyons; Hotel du Parc, Place de Ville.
Genoa; Croix de Malte.
Leghorn; Royal or British Oak.
Rome; Frantz, Strada Condotti, Piazza d'Espagna.
Naples; Crocelli, St. Luzia.
Bologna; Albergo Reale.
Venice; Ecu de France, formerly Aquila d'Oro.
Milan; Albergo Italian.
Geneva; Ecu de France.
Paris; Hotel de Conti, Rue du Bouloi.

## ERRATA.

Page 20, French couplet, line 2, for *Je l'aimois,* read *Je l'aimai.*

31, For *Marçeau,* read *Marceau.*

32, For *these* well arranged institutions, read *its.*

37, For *Saufflot,* read *Soufflot.*

45, Last line of French poetry, for *l'envi,* read *l'envie.*

62, In running head, for *provisions,* read *processions.*

Pages 103, 197, 241, 288, 300, read *Coliseum.*

214, For *association,* read *associations.*

237, For Munatius *Plancus,* read *Plaucus.*

270, For our own *building,* read *buildings.*

309, In running head, for *Barromean,* read *Borromean.*

333, For *c'est égal à moi,* read *ça m'est égal.*

335, For *c'est finis,* read *c'est finit.*

THE END.

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